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THE STARRUCCA VIADUCT, ON THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

It is supposed that no work of art ever fully expresses the intention, or imagination, of the artist; thus, sublime and beautiful as are the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, they are probably but poor things compared with the ideals of which they are but shadows; but if works of art fall short of the imaginings of their creators, works of invention intended to benefit mankind always far transcend the conceptions of their inventors. Arkwright could never have dreamed of the improvements in manufacturing cotton which have grown from his invention. Fulton, as sanguine as he was of the possibilities of steam navigation, could never have imagined that in the year 1850 the ocean would be covered with steamships, and that ten days would be an average passage from New York to Liverpool. And how immensely short of the actualities of railroad travel and transportation must have been the dreams of the inventor or projector of railroads. How far short of the realities of the art of printing, and the capacities of moveable types, were the wildest conceptions of Guttenburgh and Faust; and what printer, even ten years since, would have dared to announce his faith in the miracles now daily performed by the new rotary presses of Hoe. The only great invention which, at the time of its announcement, realized its utmost capacities, and left nothing for future improvement or discovery, was the magnetic telegraph; that great boon to mankind came matured at its birth an unique discovery which transcended all other human inventions in this respect, as it outstrips every other conceivable means of transmitting thought, for even thought itself is not more rapid in its flight.

The forerunner of the railroad, which literally made a path in the wilderness for the greatest of modern improvements, was the old tram road, that so annoyed the Duke of Bridgewater when he was constructing his canal; he had a prophetic apprehension that the railroad

would prove an Aaron's rod to canals, and all other means of transportation.

The grandest railroad yet undertaken, or constructed, and the one which bids fair to be the most important in the world, is the New York and Erie Railroad, which is now nearly completed. The road to the Pacific, which has been talked of and written about so much during the past two years, in the present state of our continent, is an impossibility. If the past twenty years afford correct data for estimating the future increase of population, the beginning of the next century will be time enough to begin to talk about connecting the shores of the great lakes with the shore of the Pacific.

The New York and Erie Railroad is not only grand from its length, its cost, and its effects upon commerce, but from the grandeur and magnificence of the mountain scenery through which a great part of it passes, from the bold and picturesque banks of the Hudson to the tamer shore of Lake Erie. A day's ride over this magnificent road, takes the traveller over a succession of startling and majestic works of art, which add to the wildness and sublimity of the mountain scenery in which they are constructed.

We have given in our frontispiece a view of the Starrucca Viaduct, which is one of the most imposing, as it is the costliest, of the numerous bridges on the Erie Railroad. This stupendous construction is near Lanesboro' in the State of Pennsylvania, about a mile from the State of New York, and about two hundred miles from New York City. It is constructed of a hard granitic stone, quarried in the neighborhood. It is in length fourteen hundred feet; in height, one hundred and ten feet; in breadth, twenty-four feet; the time occupied in building was about twelve months, and it was first opened for travel on the first of December, 1848. The cost of this great work was three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

SHADES AND SUNBEAMS.

A TRANSPARENT STORY.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

LET the curtain be drawn aside.

No wonder you of the "dress circle" sit so silently and almost terror smitten! It is a cheerless scene indeed; that woman's moans are enough to frighten one accustomed only to sounds of joy, and voices of gladness! How thin and scanty is the covering gathered over her emaciated form—a miserable place in which to lie down, sick even unto death! Not a particle of fire on the broken hearth, and how dull, and black, and dusty the chimney-back looks, as though no fire had been kindled there of late, yet it surely is a night when a cheerful blaze in the fire-place would seem not amiss.

How fast the freezing winter rain is falling: and hark! drop, drop, drop, there is a place in the roof where shingle and rafter are missing, the rain comes in unresisted there, and its most unwelcome presence, makes the dismal place seem yet more dismal still.

See in the chimney corner, crouching, a half-starved cat. She is quite stupid with the cold—and how green and hungry her eyes look; you might count almost every bone in her body—still she clings to that desolate place, cold and hungry as she is; perhaps in grateful remembrance of better days she has known there, and in the hope that they may return to her again, poor deluded thing!

The flaming candle light is a luxury that looks strangely out of place, does it not? One would think, who had an eye to the "proprieties," that total natural darkness would best befit a place so very, very wretched—it looks too much like a remaining spark of comfort to see so den-like a home illuminated!

The sick woman's moans are hushed. Is she dead then? No; her face is hid in the bed-clothes, she breathes, but it is with difficulty—she is sleeping.

Now from a dark corner, whose recesses you have tried in vain to penetrate, a girl, twelve or thirteen years of age, emerges, and approaches the sick woman. She moves rapidly, but how cautiously over the rough floor, remembering to avoid the chasm which decay has made in one part, and the loose boards beyond there. If you watch carefully you will catch a glimpse of the girl's countenance as she passes where the light of the candle falls most strongly. There, you see, it would be hard to detect much beauty in her face now. She has been indulging in a violent fit of weeping. Noiselessly she is bending over the

bed, assuring herself that the sick woman is asleep, and with what a heavy sigh she turns away and takes, from a shelf near by, a faded thin shawl and a summer bonnet. She is going out. Ah, those garments are a poor protection, dear audience, from the cold—but the child does not think of that now. The fear of death—the dread of the apparently swift-coming trial, when she shall be left alone, haunts her, and her own personal privations and distress are quite forgotten. She hears now the voice of but *one* of those her dread, constant companions, Want and Sorrow.

Softly she opens the door, how silently, almost stealthily! but her carefulness cannot keep out the bitter cold air which rushes past her, like a fiend, into the room—and before she has quite closed the door it has extinguished the bit of candle. She does not see this, however, and therefore hastens on.

Going out in the cold, cheerless night, to beg for a dying woman! To crave, in the name of charity, a morsel that shall, may be, lessen the horrible distress of her only friend. Do you not pray, you who have never known a single privation, that this may not prove a fruitless expedition?

Roll up the curtain again. Ha—here is something that looks like living. You breathe more freely now—you say heaven defend us from these pictures of a want and misery, with which *we have nothing to do*. Nothing to do? Beware, thou who thus declarest faith in a creed so monstrous; for Heaven will demand of thee wherefore, with such phases of life thou hast had nought to do!

"Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

If the fervent response of the bridegroom could ensure the life-long happiness of the fair young bride, there would be small room to cherish fear of her future.

The rain dashes fast against the shutters, and the cold wind raves in fury without, but not a breath of discomfort can penetrate into this cheery place; yet, if it is possible to read a heart by the countenance, I would not hesitate to declare that the bride had rather this moment take the place of that child we have seen go forth into the night's cold and darkness, than stand there the centre of loving and admiring eyes, to pronounce the marriage vows. Aye, if fancy leads me not widely

astray, it were more merciful to lay that young creature on the altar, and at once destroy her, with the sacrificial knife, than doom her to a life that is little better than a living death.—It seems strange, though, to call her a *victim*, for the youth by her side is a noble-looking fellow, and his heart does not give the lie to the binding vows he speaks.

All the particulars of this scene betoken that it is a mansion of the rich before you.—The “floods of light,” deluging the grand apartments, rival the sunlight—and there is a profuse, and still not a vulgar display in the costliness of the adornments. Those mirrors of enormous size, the ornamental vases, are things you will not often find in the mansions of the “vulgar herd.” The downy carpet (very unlike, by the way, that unsafe board and the decayed floor we have just looked upon,) the splendid pictures, but more than all the appearance of the mistress of this mansion, prove that it is no scene of common life you gaze upon.

This lady is standing near the bride—the one dressed in plain, gray silk. See with what deep, motherly affection she is contemplating the daughter of her heart, whom she has “given away.” She knows well how great a gift this night has been bestowed upon the young husband, for since her childhood the maiden has been the consolation of the widow’s heart. But in giving the girl as she believes in all sincerity to happiness, the lady does not dream that the shadow of a shade has fallen on the heart of the bride.

Let the curtain fall while she still believes and rejoices in the thought that “all is well.”

Once more draw the obscuring veil aside.

How fearfully the wind rushes through the casement, threatening every moment to be the death of the untrimmed lamp burning on the floor of the garret. You shudder, and think, though too gracious to tell me, your thoughts, “Shall we never have done with such dark scenes?” Ah, yes, I can answer, when the old world rusts on its axis, and the present order of things is done away!

There is something more awful and repelling in the deadly stillness of this room, than in that which reigned where the dying woman lay.

An old man is the tenant of this chamber. He is alone. How fearful seems the silence and gloom, when we remember the bright and cheerful scene we have just looked upon.

This is the *home* of the aged, gray-haired man; a pleasant one, is it not? You can see the bounteous supply he has gathered in for his winter’s consuming at a glance. It will not take you very long to cast your eye over that heap of mouldy chaff in the corner, and on the broken jug which once was capable of holding the “Adam’s ale,” with which the old

man regales himself, and keeps his thin old body warm—and on that handful of frozen bits of bread, which the mice have shared with him since the day, long ago, when he bought the small loaf at the baker’s near by.

But I see you are glancing at something besides the chaff, and the frozen bread—at something which amazes you, and makes you start and wonder if you are not dreaming. Yet I assure you there was never anything more *real* than these heaps of yellow gold the old man has poured out on the floor, and through which his long, bony fingers are playing. It seems like a countless hoard, does it not? But he has gathered it coin by coin; he has added dollar to dollar, and cent to cent, and saved *all*, and never spent, but begged, and stolen, and toiled while others slept, or played—and these, *these!* are the precious fruits!

“The workman is worthy of his hire.” And this pay, which the poor deluded creature has received, is hardly too much (is it?) for the soul which he has given in exchange into the hands of the devil! This pay, he is content enough with it. It is dearer to him, unspeakably dearer than soul, or wife, or child—it is indeed *as* “bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh!” It is his beautiful, beloved, glittering gold. *His gold!* Two dearer words he never knew—two more comprehensive he never heard! For they are to him life, and love, and heaven, and hell, and friends, and health, and meat, and drink, and raiment; indeed you may well doubt if he ever had any clear and defined notion of anything else on earth than his dear, blessed gold!

The greed of gain—how indissolubly has it stamped its loathsome mark upon him! You see it in the small, bright, grasping eye, in the ill-clothed limbs, in the sharp features, in the motions, in the man; and in that heap of precious stuff glittering amid such surrounding evidences of want. You see it all, how he has thrown himself upon his face that he might veil from his eyes the heaven spreading above him—which *almost* sent a thrill of awe even through his deluded nature. You see how he has bended down, and suffered his whole moral and intellectual nature to be crushed, and deadened, before that fearful Juggernaut, the idol, Gold! He has not heaped up his treasure to secure himself from the dread of want, that he might gather in his home all that could make life comfortable. He has starved himself, he has degraded himself a hundred times below the brutishness of the animals that perish—he is shivering with cold now—his mind through neglect, and by its sordid and whole-souled worship, is in a state of idiocy; God and this miser alone knew for what he has spent his

whole life in gathering this dust together. I cannot solve the mystery. I cannot guess how the worm first crawled into his breast, the hideous, frightful worm, that has eaten away and destroyed every noble principle and feeling, and hope in the man's soul, leaving its loathsome shrine over every seed that *might* have sprung up in his bosom, bringing forth the most precious fruits. * * *

There is a continuation of that first scene we have looked upon to-night, on which I would fain have you for a moment dwell.

The pale light of the winter's sun is, you see, streaming through the room, revealed now. There is no sign, or sound of life. Ah yes! do you not hear that smothered sob, do you not see that stiff, sharp outline of a form upon the bed? do you not see a child standing beside it, uncovering often the face of the dead, and weeping over it as though her heart would break?

It is the only friend that girl has known for years, who is dead. She weeps such tears as only such mourners can weep, as she stands beside the body of her only counsellor, guide and support in the world. It makes no difference to her that the departed was housed in a hovel, and fed on the coarsest and most meagre food—it is a slight thing if the dear form was clad in rags—did it not enshrine the kind and loving heart, that was always to the lonely and desolate little one, so compassionately tender? Had not this woman been to her mother, guardian, friend? all that her young, love-craving nature most required—and is that mother not dead, and cold, and insensible for ever to her? is she not now young, and helpless and *alone* in the wide world? * * * * *

One winter morning, many years previous to the time when these three scenes were in the same hour transacting, two children awakened in their comfortless home, to find themselves deserted and alone.

Their mother died when the younger of the twain was an infant, and from that time they had lived alone with their father. A cheerless home it was, with two such inefficient ones left to provide for their own wants chiefly, during long days, when their parent was gone from them. He was a strange, silent man, with little or no affection in his selfish heart for the lovely young children—no, not even so much as the brutes have for their offspring; for their cries for food often fell with an unmeaning sound upon his ear; and the thought of providing for, and supporting them, until the time should come when they would be strong and able to labor for themselves, was one he could not endure. It is a thought on which he has pondered long; let us see the result of his cogitations.

This winter morning he had arisen long

before daylight. He may have mistrusted the strength of his own will, but I think not. Still he never once turned a glance at the crib in the corner of the dismal room where the children slept, their arms turned lovingly about each other; perhaps if he *had* looked, he might have faltered in his purpose. Noiselessly as a cat, he crept around the room, gathering all that was easily transferable, that was possessed of the least value, even to the little painted tumbler, the prized property of the youngest girl—the gift of one of her playmates—then carefully gazing around, lest he might be watched, and to assure himself that the children were sleeping, he raised a board in the old decaying floor, and groping with his hand far along in the chasm, he drew forth a coarse cloth bag, and then quickly replaced the board again. There was a sound as of coin, jingling together when he moved the bag, it made his eyes twinkle, and a grim and greedy smile for a moment beamed in his ugly face; then taking a coal from the fireplace on the rough table, he wrote in large, rude letters: "Children, I have gone, not to come back again. You are old enough to look out for yourselves. Go to work—save your money, and you may get rich; money is worth more than anything else in the world."

Having left the sleeping innocents this precious bit of fatherly advice, the man went from the house, having taken the precaution to conceal the precious bag within his old cloak before he went.

When the children awoke and found their father gone, they were not disturbed by the thought of being left alone. It was his custom to go out early in the day, leaving them to make shift for themselves as best they might, with the meagre supply of comforts which he had provided.

When they had arisen and put on their miserable garments, Margaret, the eldest, tried to light a fire; but it was no easy task with barely one coal, which had managed to keep alive during the night, and the one stick of wet, green wood was not an astonishingly powerful auxiliary. Despite the poor children's united exertions, the wood and the coal utterly refused to burn, and at last they gave up the vain idea in despair.

A little heap of burning coal, a few bits of pine, and an armful of dry wood! the enumeration may seem a trifling affair, and call a smile to your lip, but these had been a more acceptable, more valuable gift, would have called up happier thoughts and more earnest thanks, than the splendid remembrancers my favored reader is rejoicing in just now. Yet they had it not, humble as the gift would seem. Ah, the feasting, mirthful rich! they forget that Lazarus still is lying at their gate!

Then they turned away from the remorse-

less no-fire, to the shelf whereon the scanty store of undeleatable provisions were kept.—But there again the little ones were doomed to disappointment; for Margaret, who had stood on the old bench to examine into the state of their larder, stepped gently down again, and said, with a heavy sigh:

"He has took all the bread with him, Ellen!"

"And we hadn't no supper last night! oh, I'm so hungry; ain't you, Mag?"

"Yes," was the abrupt and sad answer of the elder. As she turned away from the pale face of her little sister, for her own eyes were fast falling with tears, she caught sight of the rough black marks on the table. With a heavy step she drew near without speaking, and bent over it.

A girl who had once been neighbor to these children had taught Margaret something about reading and spelling, for the child had never been to school a day in her life, and yet was ambitious and desirous to learn. It was therefore with difficulty that she made these co(a)ld words out; but as their meaning burst at last fully upon her, the tears she had striven so hard to keep back, fell fast, her head bent lower and lower upon her bosom—she sobbed aloud.

"What is it, Maggy?" asked Ellen, slowly, for she felt that something awful had happened.

"He's gone, Nelly!"

"Yes, but he goes every day."

"He's gone for good now—he says he'll never come back. We must starve, or go to work, Nelly, and we don't know how to work, and who'll teach us? Oh I wish we was both dead."

"But then we should be colder than we are now, Maggy, and we should never have any bread to eat at all."

"We shouldn't need any, Nell. I read it all in a book. If we could only go to heaven now, we shouldn't want for any thing ever again."

"Do books tell the truth always? What if it snows in heaven, Mag?"

"No, it can't; for God is there, and people who go to heaven never know any thing about cold and hunger; they're happy."

"Let's die then. I'm so tired of living; we never knew any thing but misery here, Mag."

"Yes, once, but that was a great while ago; I can only just remember—it seems a long time."

"What made us so happy then?"

"We had a mother, and father loved us, and took care of us all—we had plenty to eat and warm fires too."

"Oh, I'm so hungry now, and almost frozen—if he had only left us a little bread, just a little bit."

There was no moaning on the part of the children because their father had *deserted* them. It was not his love and affectionate care they missed, whose loss they mourned when they found he was gone from them for ever, for he was always associated with dreary thoughts in their minds.

Their chief reflection, when they found themselves alone, was that they should inevitably die of hunger, and death was far from being an idea full of terror to them—indeed, as we may gather from their own words, a pleasant and to-be-wished-for event was it, being associated with thoughts and hopes of plenty *THERE*.

The father and his children were new comers and strangers in the portion of the city where they lived at the time of his shameless desertion; the people by whom they were surrounded were apparently poor as themselves; there was therefore little prospect of the children's receiving aid or assistance from those in whose neighborhood they lived.

The morning passed; it was afternoon, and still no fire; and alas! there was not even a poor raven to bring them food, though the place they inhabited was far worse than a wilderness; and the pangs of hunger might hardly have visited Elijah, as they did these tender children. It was impossible that they should long endure such bitter cold and hunger, and the want of a protector during the night hours was a horrible thought to Margaret. She resolved to go into the streets to beg—perhaps some kind heart might take pity on them, and give them a more safe and comfortable place of shelter.

With some difficulty she persuaded Ellen to lie down in the bed, and thus keep herself warm until she should return—for Margaret knew that it would be impossible for her poor little, half-frozen sister to walk the distance which spread between them and the quarters of the city where the rich people lived.

The snow was falling fast when Margaret went out alone into the streets, so miserably clad, and, ah me, on such a chilling, comfortless mission! It was a new thing for her to beg, and it was a hard thing, child though she was and suffering, for her to ask a stranger for bread. Many a stately mansion did she pass by before she had gained courage to stop, and with this increasing dread she would have gone on and on, had not the lateness of the hour reminded her of Ellen, hungry, and cold, and alone.

Oh doubt it not, it was Providence who directed her feet to the door where her trembling, stiffened hands at last sought admittance. It was a happy thing for Margaret, that a Christian woman who feared God, and loved her neighbor, lived there—that a *human* heart beat in that plenteous home!

The child was not repulsed from the door by careless, tired servants—for the mistress of the mansion made it a point always to hear and judge for herself of the merits of those who applied to her for assistance, and it was not to a cold and suspicious soul that Margaret told the story of destitution and sorrow.

It was not a long story and was soon made known; but it interested the lady more deeply than any tale of want she had ever listened to before. When the child had partaken of a comfortable meal, and was provided with warmer garments, Mrs. Bruce accompanied her to her poor home.

It really seemed to the poor forlorn child as though she had suddenly found access to that heaven, to which in the morning she had so desired to go. And equally was Mrs. Bruce delighted with the quiet, honest-hearted girl by her side, and when she looked on the bright, youthful face, which so well reflected the thoughts suddenly lightened of the hard weight pressing but now upon them, she thought she had never seen so beautiful a child before; and the good woman's heart warmed towards the orphan with genuine motherly kindness.

Swiftly were they borne over the frozen snow through the streets as Margaret directed, and at last, and the way to the eager child seemed interminable, they entered a narrow lane, and the proud steeds were drawn up before the wretched house, which she pointed out as her home.

Before the sleigh was quite stopped the happy girl had leaped out, and was bounding over the narrow sidewalk, and up the broken door-step. But the smile of joy had given way to fear, for the door of the hovel stood open wide, the snow had drifted into the apartment, and indeed a more comfortless, dreary-looking place one could not easily imagine.

In an instant the frightened girl had searched quite through the house, but no answer was returned to her loud cry of "Nelly! Nelly!" save the moaning of the wind without, which seemed sharing her distress. Quick as thought, when she saw that search there longer was fruitless, Margaret rushed from the house, and sped away to the neighbors, hoping and believing that Ellen had gone to one of them for food. She had forgotten Mrs. Bruce, and all the joy and thankfulness which had for a moment made her light of heart. Ellen was gone, her little sister, her all on earth—gone, even at the moment when she had come back with such "glad tidings of great joy."

Alas, equally vain was the search she made among the people of that neighborhood. To the most of them the children were altogether unknown. One woman, in reply to Marga-

ret's almost frantic demand, *thought she had* seen a child of about five years of age, going down the street with a woman half an hour before.

"Who was the woman?" was the next eager question.

"I don't know," was the reply, "I never see her afore."

"Was she an old woman?"

"No, about middle age."

"Did she look like a lady?"

"No, fur enough 'tother side. She looked poor, but didn't seem a beggar. Only a poor, hard-working creetur."

And that was all Margaret could find out. With a heavy heart she returned to the sleigh, where Mrs. Bruce was awaiting her. Every particle of hope, and gladness which had made so bright a sunshine in her heart, was gone; almost beside herself with fear, and grief, it was with difficulty she made known to that lady this fresh and terrible sorrow.

"Nelly is lost! what shall I do? where shall I go?" she cried, "she is lost, I shall never see her again! do but bring her back, lady, do only bring her back to me!" she sobbed, raising her eyes imploringly to her good friend. The lady was weeping, too—her heart must have been of stone indeed, not to have been pierced by the keen anguish of the child.

"No," she said, calming her own emotion, that she might soothe and give confidence to Margaret—"no, I do not think it is possible she is lost. But it is getting so dark it is not likely, indeed it is scarcely possible to find her to-night. But we will come here to-morrow, my child, and I'm almost sure we shall find your sister here then. Some kind woman has found her alone, and cold, and taken her home to a comfortable shelter for the night."

"It is not like her to go away so; I think she would have stayed till I came back, if they had let her. Will you surely come back to-morrow, lady."

"Yes, certainly, you do not doubt me?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure you'll keep your word. You will not cheat me."

It was quite dark when the sleigh was once more brought to a stand-still before Mrs. Bruce's mansion. Margaret's tears were not yet dried, nor her fears quieted, but she wept silently, and tried hard to control her grief, fearing to annoy her new found friend. The hopeful words Mrs. Bruce had spoken were beginning to soothe her mind; but she thought no longer on the pleasant home which, for the present, at least, was insured her. Continually she was repeating to herself, "Oh, if to-morrow would only come! I'm sure Ellen will be home then—she *will* go back with the woman in the morning, and

wait there till I come." Nor could this one, this only consoling thought be driven from her mind, for a moment, by all the strangeness of luxury which at every turn met her eye in the pleasant home of Mrs. Bruce.

At night, long after the tidy maid-servant had placed Margaret in the warm, soft bed, which had been prepared for her, the mistress of the house sat alone in her parlor, and thought upon the strange incident of the day.

This lady was a widow of middle age, wealthy and childless. Among a large community of poor and needy people, how well known she was for her kind and judicious benefactions! Any who had right on their side, though poor as those turkeys which from being associated with the name of Job have become so famous, knew well that they could not appeal to Mrs. Bruce in vain. In fact this lady, so blessed with worldly wealth, felt herself to be responsible to a Power greater than any of earth, for the use she made of the riches He had placed at her disposal. She was very far from being what is called a woman of fashion—the aristocracy in which she might be ranked was *not* that of wealth—she belonged to a circle whose numbers are still more limited, though the paths they tread are open unto all. Few of the "world's people," alas, were to be found of it, though had they so willed they might have been shining stars of the aristocracy of goodness!

Mrs. Bruce had a conscience—and what is somewhat wonderful, taking all things into consideration, so vile a mist had not been suffered to envelope it as would hide the beams of the sun of truth and righteousness. And fortunately she made it a point of duty to obey the dictates of this same conscience.

When, therefore, Margaret Wood came before her in such a woful plight, half-frozen and half-starved, it seemed almost like an accusation to the excellent woman; as though she had no *right* to be the recipient of so many blessings, while others in such multitudes were suffering from bitter want.

So when she had thought over and over again the child's pitiful story, and in imagination, followed her till she had reached woman's estate—when she thought of her future fortune, as it must almost of necessity prove, poor, well nigh hopeless, broken down by hard labor, with mind uncultivated, and her heart's affections, and pure and lofty impulses all crushed, and withered; when she thought upon her thus, and remembered how different a fate it was in *her* power to give unto that child, she resolved to prove to the desolate little one a true and loving friend.

She thought of her own childhood—the only daughter of devoted parents—brought up in a home where never a want had been

ungratified, careless and happy as is the childhood of the rich. She thought upon the numberless but then unappreciated blessings which had attended her early youth—of the love which, after that time, had made for her life such glorious sunshine. She thought of all her long happy wedded life, upon him who, though dead, was held in constant memory, and loved, and honored, and mourned. She looked forward to the future. How lonely would it be, as years crept on, and then her thoughts turned again to the child Margaret; so singularly beautiful, so unmistakably innocent, earnest, honest, and affectionate. And, do not wonder at it, she felt as though Heaven had sent that girl to her, not merely as a beggar, whose wants must be supplied and then forgotten. She felt the necessity of being something to that child besides. She must make her her own, must educate her, and fit her for a different and a better station than that in which she was born.

So strong was this conviction, so earnestly did it influence Mrs. Bruce's mind, that she could not hesitate about acting upon it; and before her eyes were closed in sleep that night, she besought God's blessing on—*her* child!

* * * * *

"Are you going for Ellen—may we go now?" asked Margaret, eagerly, when she was led into the breakfast room the following morning.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bruce, kissing the child, "the sleigh will be brought round in a few moments; then we will go for your sister."

A grateful heart was that beating in Margaret Wood's breast, when the woman spoke so kindly. "I love you very much," she said, clasping her protector's hands and timidly kissing them; "you are like a mother."

"Would you *like* me to be your mother, Margaret? will you live with me, and go to school, and do as I bid you always? will you be my little girl?"

"I love you better than anybody in the world but Ellen," answered the child; "but father said we must work; I will work for you, and do every thing you tell me."

* * * * *

Many times the mother and her adopted child returned to the narrow lane, and the old hut, in search of Ellen, but never could they gain any tidings of the missing little one.—The neighbors were still unable to furnish any information respecting her—she seemed lost to them for ever.

One day, in the still continuing hope that Ellen *might* come back to the old place, Margaret wrote, on the table where the cruel father had traced his farewell, for her sister to wait there should she come again, promising to meet her there, and that she would lead her

to a new and happy home. But the following morning, when again accompanied by Mrs. Bruce, she set forth eagerly for the dismal place, thinking and hoping against hope that Ellen *might* have been there, they found nothing remaining of the decaying old buildings save some still burning heaps of timber, which pointed out where the dwellings of that quarter had once stood.

Never had Mrs. Bruce seen before such utter wretchedness, such absolute banishment of hope in any human countenance, as was depicted in Margaret Wood's, when she turned away after that last fruitless search, feeling that the last hold on a reasonable belief that she should ever meet little Ellen again was gone.

The day following this terrible disappointment there was given in many of the city papers a description of the missing child, of her former residence, and every particular which could afford any sort of clue to the discovery of the lost Ellen was set forth; but no tidings of her came; she seemed to be lost irrecoverably to those who sought her.

* * * * *

Years passed. Time, and many changes around and in the heart of the elder sister, had, in a measure, deadened the sickening sense of loneliness and bereavement, which haunted her so long after she had mourned over Ellen as one dead. Even the days when they two had lived together in their uncomfortable home, were gradually assuming a dream-like shape in her memory.

Mrs. Bruce had done nobly by her adopted child. That girl was one to do honor to any hearth-stone. Young, and gentle, and highly educated, she was cherished, and loved, and honored, not only in her adopted mother's home, but wherever and in whatever circle she moved; and when it was known that she was really and in truth to be the rich lady's sole heiress, many suitors were not wanting.

Among these, there was a youth, the son of an old friend of the good woman in question, who had been so fortunate as to ingratiate himself thoroughly in Mrs. B.'s favor.

She had assisted him (pecuniarily) through his collegiate course, for his parents' means were but limited, and the youth was ambitious—and when he had entered subsequently with bright hopes on the practice of his profession, he had been furnished by her aid, with an extensive and valuable library. So, as a matter of duty, as well as of sincerest pleasure, Richard Lee was a frequent visitor at the house of his benefactress.

You will readily understand by consequence that it was to *her* a very natural thought, and a much wished-for consummation, the union of these young beings, whom she loved with her whole heart—and a hundred plausible reasons

will at once suggest themselves to your mind, *why* the lady should at once and completely have succeeded in her desire.

I have revealed to you already that wedding scene. You know whether the *heart* of the bride responded to the words when she vowed to love, honor and obey. Gratitude for the kindness of the past—the knowledge of the fact that in wedding Richard Lee, she was but acting in accordance with her best friend's, her more than mother's wishes, were the causes, and sufficient causes Margaret thought them, for the part she took it upon herself to act in that transaction. But there was also another reason which the young girl scarcely dared to breathe, even to herself, *why* she should wed this man, and that at once.

There was one who had never sought her affections, or her hand in marriage, on whom nevertheless she had lavished all the affection of her heart. Within the "holies of holies," in her breast she had enshrined him an idol, but no human mind had guessed the worship she devoted to him—she had kept her secret well.

Immeasurable was the distance between herself and him. Too well did she know it. He was wedded to another, and never even dreamed the homage that young heart rendered to his lightest word. And he was one of those mighty sons of genius to whom the universal world bows down in reverence.—The intellectual giants honored and flattered him—his words were wisdom even to the wisest, and how should he know or care if the girl's heart beat wildly with devotion and love for him?

And Margaret, even while she adored, knew that such worship was sinful.

There was nothing repellant, absolutely, to her, in the youth who spoke with her the marriage vows. She knew him talented, and ambitious, and truthful, but her heart worship was given wholly to another.

You know now why, in that scene on which you looked, she stood so cold, and pale, and passionless. *He* was among the crowd that pressed around her, to offer their glad congratulations, and the rich tones of *his* voice mingled with the rest like a strange and powerful chord of music. But she had ear for his only, and he named her the bride of another, while on his own arm leaned the proud and lovely woman he called his wife!

Never did good Mrs. Bruce look with more of just pride on her protege, but had she read the untold story of that young heart!

My story doubtless has thus far proved itself a piece of transparency to the reader, and he knows who was the child watching alone beside the dying woman, leaving her for a moment while she slept, to beg in the streets, and nursing her with little aid from neighbor or friend: bestowing on the penniless woman

all the devotion and care she could have lavished on her, had she been the richest lady in the land. You know that it was she who wept with that fair bride one wintry morning long ago in a fireless room, when they were destitute of all life's comforts and deserted by their father.

It remaineth for me to explain how this woman came to be her guardian.

When Margaret was gone out in search of food, and a more comfortable shelter, which expedition turned out so well for herself, Ellen, exhausted by hunger, sunk into a sound sleep. For a long time she slept on undisturbed, dreaming, poor child, of every imaginable comfort she had not, and enjoying her plenty in the bright land of fancy.

But full soon must she be awakened to the dull reality, for a human hand was laid heavily upon her, and a loud voice roused her, saying:

"Why do you sleep with your doors open here? you'll freeze to death."

The child started up, thoroughly wakened at once, and frightened, and wondering, cried, "Margaret—Margaret!"

The woman pointed to a drift of snow, which had gathered in the middle of the room, and said, by way of explanation, that she might calm the child's fears:

"Your door was open, and I saw there was no fire on the hearth, and I thought I'd look in and see if anybody lived here. Why, child, you'd a froze stark and stiff if I hadn't woke ye."

"I'm very cold," replied Ellen, her voice little raised above a whisper; and lying down again, "Let me sleep till Margaret comes; she went to get some bread."

"Where is your ma, child?"

"Dead," replied Ellen, mechanically.

"Where is your pa, then? is he dead too?"

"No; he went away and left us this morning."

"When is he coming back? what are you going to do? you'll freeze to death here."

"No I sha'n't freeze; Margaret will come; he isn't coming at all," said the child, impatiently, her eyelids growing heavier every moment.

"She'll die here, that's plain," thought the woman; "she shall go home with me."

No sooner was this determination formed, than she proceeded to carry it into effect. Wrapping the unresisting child in her own shawl, she shook her soundly, so as fully to awaken her, and said, or rather screamed in her ear: "Come, I'm going to take you home with me, where there's a good fire and plenty to eat—come on, for its getting dark, and I've work yet to do to night."

"But where'll Maggy go?" asked Ellen, now quite awake, "who'll feed and warm her?"

"If she comes back and finds you not here, she'll go to one of the neighbors and stay over night," replied the woman, hurrying away; "now see how fast you can walk—I'll bring you back to-morrow."

With this assurance she walked away with Nelly very rapidly, further into the suburbs of the city.

And the next morning, why did she not redeem her promise? Why, for days and days in consequence of a dreadful cold taken that night from her exposure to the storm, (for she had walked the long distance without shawl or cloak, having wrapped her thin blanket covering about Ellen) she was confined to the house, and to her bed with sickness!

The child at first cried a great deal when she found the woman could not go with her back to her home, but when she saw how sick the poor creature was, and heard her cough so dreadfully, she ceased urging her every moment to take her back again.

When at last the poor woman was able to creep out into the street, the first place to which she directed her steps was to the house where she had found the little girl, and—it was burned to the ground!

This woman was a widow and childless, and of good and tender heart, but here the similarity between her and Margaret's protectress, ended. It is needless to say she never saw nor even heard of the inquiries which were published respecting the little girl who had fallen to her care. Destiny seemed to exert a powerful hand in ordering the respective places of those children, seemed to have established them immutably in stations of life wider asunder than are the Poles. * * * * *

There were two or three of the dead woman's friends who came to the burial. The coffin was carried to the grave by their husbands, and Nelly followed the corpse, a mourner full of sorrow.

There was a clergyman, a poor man, too, and he prayed long and earnestly over the grave when the coffin was hid in the ground; he prayed for *the child of the widow*. He was right, though he did not know the relationship existing between the sobbing girl and the dead. She *was* even as a child, and she mourned the loss of her mother!

That funeral day was the darkest, saddest day the poor girl had ever known. Life seemed to her but one long path leading through darkness, and as she went from the grave-yard with the toiling women, holding fast the good minister's hand, she wished with all the eagerness of her young heart, that she also might speedily be laid to rest there, never to waken again.

It was summer time, but the day was very gloomy. The sky was dark with clouds, not

a bird's song was to be heard, and the low deep tones of the wind sounded like a heavy sigh breathed over the earth.

Ellen went home from the burial with one of the poor women, who would not hear of her going back again to the lonely place where she had lived. For several weeks she remained there, sick with grief and long watching. During that time, in compliance with her wish, Mrs. Grant was seeking to obtain for her a place in the house of one of the women who who employed her occasionally. * * * And Nelly is thirteen years old now; she may look upon herself as her own mistress, for there is no one who has any natural claims upon her. To youth the thought of independence is a darling, precious cherished one, but it is difficult for any one who has not been circumstanced as was little Nelly, to conceive what wretchedness there was in the knowledge that there were none to guide, none to counsel, none to aid her, as she stood about to embark on the stormy waters of an untried life.

She must *work* henceforth—ah, reader, do you know what *that* meaneth? Not as she had oftentimes toiled before, to help her protector, to aid her in her labors. It must be in a far different manner. She must go to a place in a family of which she knew nothing, truly speaking—must serve as a servant there. She was very young, a stranger to the ways of those with whom she would live—her employers would think it was their lot to have to bear much because of her ignorance and unskillfulness; but *she*, poor young thing, would she not also have to bear much? Would they care to think if *she* were ever pleased or gratified; would the tastes of the little servant-girl be ever held in consideration; would they think of her as human? *She* must bear and suffer, and a dangerous experiment it would prove to speak out in her own behalf, even when wrongfully abused; *she* must be always faithful and enduring, and the hope of the reward of a kind word from her dear old friend who could never again smile on her, and encourage her, and tell her if she was doing well; even that was denied her.

Nelly had quite recovered from her illness, and was beginning to cherish more cheerful thoughts of the future, for Mrs. Grant was sure of finding her a situation in the house of one of her employers. One night when she came home, her day's work well accomplished, there was a broader smile on her face than usual, and warmer emphasis in the kiss she gave the little girl. "I've good news for you, child," she whispered, and then went bustling about the house, preparing supper for her good man and the boys.

When their wants were supplied, and they had gone out again into the street, some of

them to their labor, and Mrs. Grant was at last seated, and making preparations for a fine smoke, Nelly could restrain her curiosity no longer.

Drawing a little bench close beside the old woman, she sat resting her head on her knee, and saying:

"You've got a good place for me, mammy, I know you have, and I'm to go to some lady's house to live?"

"Yes, child, it's just so; but I wish I was to keep you for my own! A girl is more of a comfort to a hard-working woman like me, when I sit down of a night to rest, than a pack of romping boys is. You've made the old place look quite cheerful like, since you've been here, Nelly, by your handy ways."

"But *you* have been so kind to *me*! You have got me a place where I can do for myself, and not be a burden to anybody. You are all the friend I have—oh, I shall think of you very, very often, and I'll come to see you when they let me out, and you'll go to the grave-yard where *she* is, sometimes, won't you, mammy?"

"Yes, child! yes, *always*, when you want me. And I tell you it will be a pleasure to see your pretty face here often—you'll be more merry though when you go up to the fine house where I've got a place for you."

"I hope it isn't *very* great," murmured the child; "what'll I have to do there, do you think?"

"I 'spect what they'll want o' you most is, to tend door, and wait on 'em. They're a nice kind of people, and not stingy—a kind o' "live and let live" sort of folks. "You'll suit, I know, if you try. And you *will* try?"

"Yes, mammy, it shan't be my fault if they're not pleased. But I know they'll never care for me, as *you* have cared, and as *she* did."

"Well, child, I'll tell you what—'taint their nature to," was Mrs. Grant's comforting assurance; "rich folks ain't like poor folks any how; it takes the poor to *feel*. I don't know as it's their fault either. If they could only change places with us kind of folks for once, they'd know more'n they do now. But it's a kind of comfort to know that every house has its cupboard of bones!" * * *

With this family, in whose employ Mrs. Grant secured a place for Nelly, she remained more than a year. Kind, good-hearted people, as the old woman had foretold, they were, and the comforts of life became more familiarly known to the little waiting-maid there, than they had ever been before. The duties imposed upon her were few and light, and they were always well performed, and Nelly Wood gave general satisfaction in the large household in which she was employed.

But soon after the twelvemonth of her residence there had expired, the body of servants

were at once dismissed, the house shut up, and without any explanation its owners departed for parts unknown.

"Never mind; dear," said the friendly Mrs. Grant, when Ellen turned to her for counsel, "I was thinking some time ago of a place better than the one you've had, and I've spoke to the lady, 'cause I heerd the folks up in the big house you lived in was going to quit."

And Ellen's guide was successful in this effort to serve the friendless girl also; for in a few days she was accompanying her to the new place of service.

The heart of Nelly failed her as she thought of the kind people with whom she had lived, and of the strangers to whom she was now going, and closely did she clasp the hand of the aged laboring woman as though she feared parting with her, assuring her more than a dozen times that she would come often back to visit her and the children.

Mrs. Grant seemed to know what was going on in the mind of the girl; for, as they passed through the neatly gravelled walk, which was bordered with many flowers, to the kitchen door, she whispered to Nelly, "Never mind—don't be afraid. I'll stay till you get acquainted a little—you'll like these folks."

"This is the girl your mistress engaged," she said, in explanation to one of the servants, when they entered the basement. "How is your lady this morning?"

"Poorly," answered the other; "I fear she's not long for this world."

"I'm sorry, poor creetur, she's so young, and good, and handsome."

"Yes, it is too bad. The doctors says she hasn't no disease—it's a decline like; just kind 'a sinking away as one sinks to sleep."

"May be she wouldn't care to see Nelly just now?" asked Mrs. Grant, looking toward the door, and still standing.

"I think not," replied the servant, kindly, "but you can leave her here, and toward noon when the lady likes I'll go up with her—it's a pity you should lose half a day's work waiting."

Ellen turned quickly toward her friend as though she would implore her to stay—but she did not speak.

"What is it, dear? shall I stay?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"No, no," answered Ellen; "go, now because you must—but do come in for a minute to-night, if this place is in your way."

"Yes, I'll come if it's miles out of my way, darling; it'll be only a few hours afore I'll be here to-night." Having said this, she hastened away to her labors.

Ellen sat in the kitchen the greater part of the morning, assisting the servants, and winning the best opinions by her kind and obliging manners. At last the message came, saying

that the mistress desired the new waiting-maids appearance; and notwithstanding the experience she had already had, it was with a fearful heart that she obeyed the call.

As she entered the chamber of the invalid, her step was slow and her eye downcast, but when Ellen heard the lady's voice speaking so kindly and encouragingly, she raised her eyes, and it seemed to her that she stood in the presence of some good genii, who had at a word, and stroke, created the beautiful place in which she was.

The large windows of the apartment were thrown open, but the blaze of sunlight was shut out from the room by outer and inner blinds. Many vases of freshly gathered flowers filled the pleasant place with their sweet perfume, and the white furniture, the snow-like drapery of the bed, the delicately tinted carpet, all conspired to make the sick lady's prison house a delightful one, the very shrine of purity and beauty.

The lady was reclining on a sofa when Ellen entered the room; near her was a cradle, and an infant, the young girl thought the most beautiful in the world, was sleeping in it.

"Come and sit down by me," said the sick woman, kindly, when the servant had left her, with the mistress; and with a slow step, and timid manner, Ellen approached to the cushioned bench pointed out to her.

"You are young," said the lady, "younger than I had thought—do you think you will be able to aid me much in taking care of my little one?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure—I'll try, ma'am," answered Ellen, concluding her reply in a bashful tone, far unlike the eager, happy manner with which she had commenced it.

"How old are you, pray?"

"Almost, no, a little more'n thirteen."

"And have you ever lived out before, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little over a twelvemonth, but there wa'n't any children at Mrs. Gray's."

"Do you think you will like it here, then? If you know nothing about taking care of children."

"Oh, but I'll learn very soon. Mrs. Gray thought me quick at learning the ways of her house—and I love your little baby."

Between a mistress so kind as this new one, and a servant so tractable and good as Ellen, there was no prospect of dissatisfaction, or injustice on the one hand, or neglect or ingratitude on the other. "The baby" was the pet with both, and the relations they bore to each other precluded all possibility of jealousy on either side, in the attention and love they each lavished on her.

Every week an evening was spent by Ellen with her old friend Mrs. Grant, when the excellences of the infant, the beauty and pa-

tience, and kindness of the mistress, and the pleasantness of her new situation, were never-failing topics, to all which, as the young girl discoursed so eloquently upon them, her hostess lent a willing ear. Every day Ellen was growing in grace, and beauty, and her mind was improving also under the instructions of her invalid-mistress, and her poor friend, with a sigh, was forced to surrender one hope she had cherished, that her son Willie might some day win Nelly for his wife—for he, poor fellow, was proving but a sorry clown, and she to Mrs. Grant's eyes seemed almost as much a lady as the daughters of the great folks who lived in the fine houses.

In the burial ground which lay in the neighborhood of this old woman's home, there was one grave which, when the weather permitted, was visited regularly one day in every seven by Nelly Wood and her friend. And among a hundred neglected graves that were marked by no headstone, and no care of surviving relatives, there was one which was made very conspicuous by the green and well kept sod, and the flowers which, during the spring, and summer, and autumn months, were found blooming there. It was a sacred place to both those hearts which visited it so often, and they never turned from the else so dismal graveyard without an inward assurance that they had been made better, more patient, more charitably disposed toward the world, by their momentary rest in the solemn place. Gratefully, most gratefully was the memory of the dead friend cherished by the orphan girl, and it was one of her proudest hopes that some day she might erect a tombstone there to the memory of her beloved dead.

The summer months passed away, and the dreary autumn rains set in, and the cheerfulness which had during the warm, sunshiny weather marked the invalid, disappeared; she seemed lost in gloomy thought, which the presence of her husband, who was devoted in his attentions, failed to brighten or remove.

During the day the little nurse was usually her sole companion, and the gentle manners of Nelly, her affection for the child so much entrusted to her care—her beauty, and craving for knowledge, made her an object of more than common interest to the sick lady. One dark day, when the books were laid aside, the baby asleep, and the stillness to the invalid was becoming intolerable, with a sort of vague listless curiosity she turned to Ellen, asking abruptly:

"When you first came here, I think they told me you were an orphan—that you have no father or mother living? How sad it must be to be an orphan!"

"It is too true. Mother died long, long ago. I do not remember her at all. Father I can just remember, and that is all."

"Where did he live? Do you remember his last sickness?"

"He was not ill—he did not die *then*—he left us a great, great while ago, and I never have seen him since."

"Was he poor?"

"Yes, ma'am, *very* poor."

"But you said *us*, he left *us*; were there many of you?"

"Only my sister and I. Sometimes I have thought he was not our father, or he would not have deserted us, leaving us without a morsel to eat, and we had no money to get food."

"I should have thought you had forgotten all this, for you must have been very young. But your sister has told you often, I suppose?"

"I have no sister now," answered Ellen, sadly; she, too, is dead, or was lost long ago. I am alone in the world."

"Dead! lost!" repeated the invalid, and rising on the sofa, she examined more closely than before the features of the young girl. "Pray, then, what became of you when you lost her?"

"A poor woman took me—she found me half-dead with cold and hunger—she gave me a home."

"The one who brought you here?"

"No," answered Ellen, and the remembrance of all that friend had been for her brought tears into her eyes—"she died before I ever went out to service."

"Was she kind to you, child?"

"She was my mother—I lost my all when she died."

"Oh no! no!" exclaimed the lady, and her head was buried in the pillows of the lounge, and for many moments there was dead silence in the room. Then she roused herself, sitting up again, she beckoned to Ellen, and said in a trembling whisper: "Come close up to me—put your arms about my neck, and tell me your blessed name! It is not Jarvis, it is something else! Come, come, quick, if you are Ellen, Nelly Wood, come!" And she stretched out her arms as though she would clasp Ellen to her breast.

With a glad cry, "It is that—Nelly Wood—yes, it is that—oh, I have tried so many, many times to think what that name was—and you, you *are* Margaret, my Margaret!" exclaimed the little waiting-maid, as she flung herself beside the lounge and sobbed aloud. But Margaret did not answer, did not hear aught save that first quick reply, "*it is that*;" she had fainted quite away.

When, after the glad child's repeated exertions to arouse her sister, Margaret's eyes at last opened, and beheld the slight form of the dear little Nelly bending over her, she whispered, lovingly, "I have prayed and hoped so many times that I might see you and be

with you, Nelly, for but one moment before I die. And lately it has been the only thought I have cherished, that we might meet once more."

"And we shall not ever again be parted, shall we, Margaret? You *will* love me as when we lived in that poor place—we shall be *always* together now! shall we? shall we?"

"Yes, always," repeated Margaret, as again and again she pressed her thin lips to the brow of the happy Ellen; "and you will be well now, Mrs.—Maggy! I will be your doctor, and give you medicines and nurse you, and—"

"Yes! yes! you will be my own dear Nelly. We have both something to live for now.—God bless you!—God bless you!"

Away with doctors, and their now so useless stuffs! Margaret Lee did not need them after that happy morning; she had discovered a sovereign panacea, such as they had not, such as they could not find—had been aroused from the dream of imagination which had well nigh proved fatal; and now she has quite learned to love the noble young husband who bore so long and patiently with her—and he has for ever taken the place of that unholy worshipped idol that was once throned on a lofty pedestal in her young heart.

That white-robed bed-chamber bears no resemblance now to the chamber of death.—There are roses blooming brightly on the face of the beautiful wife, as on your own, my gentle reader, and I doubt if there are many happier homes on earth, than the home of Richard Lee.

* * * * *

Let the curtain be drawn aside once more. Another scene before we part.

What, another exhibition of misery? Yes! look on the miser's death-bed!

You see him lying on that heap of straw, the gray-haired old man, whose life has long been devoted to that one unhallowed object—the gathering of gold. He is dying. There is but one to stand beside his death-bed, and watch as the spark of life flickers away. There is but one to close his eyes when his cold heart shall have stilled its beatings. But, alas, there is not even *one* to weep when he is gone! There are none to miss him by the fireside—none to whom the world will seem less beautiful when he is laid aside—none to whom his bent form is an object of love and reverence—none in whom he has inspired other than one feeling that of intense disgust and fear!

He who stands by him and watches the departing, does so with no sympathizing, loving eyes. His whole soul revolts from the duty which devolves upon him.

"Now mind," said the old man, speaking slowly, and striving to rise in his bed; "mind what I've said. Just as quick as ever I'm

dead, do what I've told ye. You're the only being I ever trusted—mind *you* don't deceive me! If you do, I'll haunt you all your life, and make you pay more for the cursed gold than it's all worth."

They are his last words. You see he has fallen back; he is quite dead.

The gentleman who has watched the miser's last moments is bending over him. He feels his head—it is cold. He listens—the heart has stopped its beating—no breath comes from the nostrils—yes, he is *dead*! Let the curtain drop—it has descended on him for ever more.

The watcher descended from the chamber of death—his face bore witness to the terrible scene he had beheld—he was eager to be away from the house that contained even the *mortal* remains of such a spirit. Giving some money to the man and woman whom he met at the foot of the stairs, he said to them, calmly, "Prepare him for burial to-morrow at two o'clock. I will be in attendance at that hour." And he passed out.

In a few days every leading paper in the city of — contained an announcement that the two children of the late Joshua Wood, named Margaret and Ellen Wood, of the respective ages of — and — years, would hear something greatly to their advantage by applying at the office of Benjamin Hayes, 80 Chestnut street.

The old miser had starved himself, and left to the children he deserted in their helplessness, a fortune, amounting to half a million of dollars!—and a portion of that money, which the old man loved so well, has built a home for the orphaned, the deserted, the poor, and the destitute, where a multitude of weak and helpless ones have learned to bless the names of the miser's noble children.

And the days of Mrs. Grant's labor and care on earth are over now, for Ellen Wood never forgot who, under Providence, had befriended her, and led her to the home of her sister Margaret. But not alone in the homes of the living has her presence been seen and felt.—A certain, well-kept, well-remembered grave, perpetuates in the world the name of one whose deed of charity, albeit she was poor and despised on this earth, has doubtless, ere this, been rewarded in heaven. For the voice whose decree no man can revert has surely said unto her, "Friend, come up higher."

Ah, let us render thanks unto the once despised, the glorious Son of Mary, at *this* season of all others, for the blessed assurance that with God there is no respect for persons! Let us thank and praise Him that the same spirit of charity and love that was in Him has found acceptance and perpetuation in many human hearts, who recognize with joy their high and holy mission—that of aiding in the

work of purification and charity which himself begun! Let us bless Him that in the darkest fortune the moonlight and the starlight are permitted—that the sunbeam and the shade have been interspersed in our pathway through the fields of time!

"GIRLS WERE MADE TO MOURN."

BY THE MUSE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made everybody shiver,
One evening as I wandered forth,
Along the Wabash river,
I spy'd a woman, past her prime,
Yet with a youthful air,
Her face was covered o'er with curls,
Of well-selected hair!

Young woman, whither wanderest thou?
Began the prim old maid;
Are visions of a home to be,
In all thy dreams displayed?
Or haply wanting but a mate,
Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth with me to mourn,
The indifference of man!

The sun that overhangs yon fields,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where thousands by their own hearth sit,
Or in their carriage ride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun,
Just forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That girls were made to mourn!

O girls! when in your early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all your precious hours,
Your glorious youthful prime!
Thinking to wed just when you please,
From beau to beau you turn,
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That girls were made to mourn!

Look not on them in youthful prime!
Ere life's best years are spent,
Man will be gallant to them then,
And give encouragement!
But see them when they cease to speak
Of each birth-day's return;
Then want and single-blessedness,
Show girls were made to mourn!

A few seem favorites of fate,
By husband's hands caressed,
But think not all the married folks
Are likewise truly blest.

For, oh! what crowds, whose lords are out,
That stay to patch and darn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That girls were made to mourn!

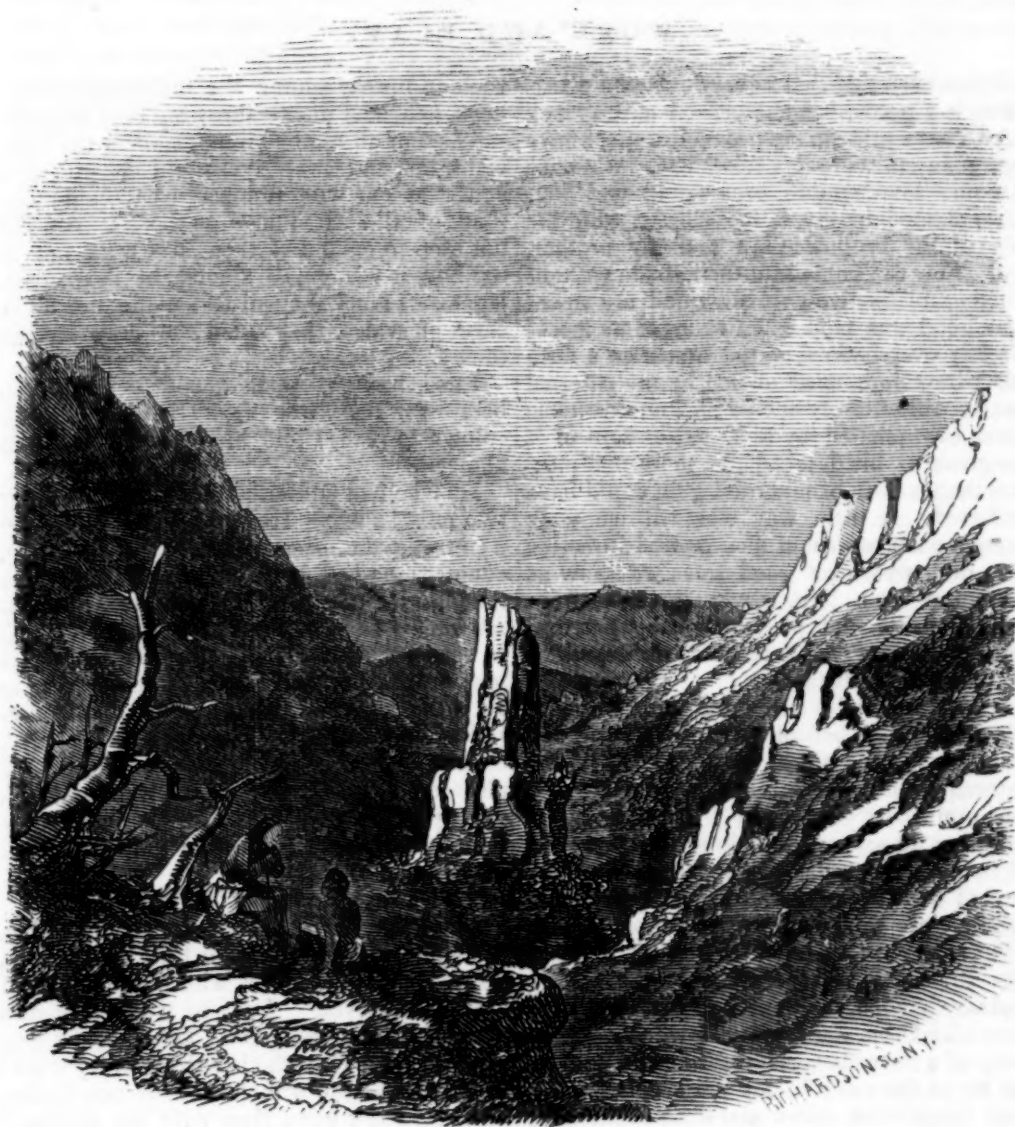
Many and sharp and num'rous ills,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's cold indifference to us
Makes countless thousands mourn!

If I'm designed to live alone,—
By nature's law designed,
Why was this constant wish to wed
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
Man's cruelty or scorn?
Or why has he the will and power
To make me for him mourn?

See yonder young, accomplished girl,
Whose words are smooth as oil,
Who'd marry almost any one
To keep her hands from toil;
But see the lordly gentleman
Her favors don't return,
Unmindful though a weeping ma,
And bankrupt father mourn!

Yet let not this, my hopeful girl,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This awful view of woman's fate,
Is surely not the best!
The poor, despis'd, plain, old maid,
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those who mourn!

O death! the poor girl's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my weary limbs
Are laid with thee to rest!
The young, the married, fear thy blow,
From hope or husbands torn;
But oh! a blest relief to those
In single life who mourn!



PASS OF THE STANDING ROCK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

In the report to Congress of his exploring expedition to California, Capt. Fremont gives the following account of the remarkable natural monument, of which we give a correct view above, called the Standing Rock. It is situated in about 42° north latitude, and is at an elevation of nearly 5,000 feet from the level of the sea. "The most remarkable feature of the pass, is a huge rock, fallen from the cliffs above, and standing perpendicularly near the middle of the valley, presents itself like a watch tower in the pass. It will give you a

tolerably correct idea of the character of the scenery of this country, where generally the mountains rise abruptly up from comparatively unbroken plains and level valleys; but it will entirely fail in representing the picturesque beauty of this delightful place, where a green valley, full of foliage, and a hundred yards wide, contrasts with naked crags that spire up into a blue line of pinnacles 3,000 feet above, sometimes crested with cedar and pine, and sometimes ragged and bare."

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

It has been said that "every one who plants a tree is a public benefactor." I have reason then to have pride in my progenitors, as I have been many times to-day reminded. We have at home innumerable ornamental and fruit trees, planted by my father chiefly, with the help of my brother-in-law and my brother, Hal. Few can come into their shade without thinking instinctively—How good are trees! How good was God when he gave us trees! Directly overshadowing the house on a farm just below ours, once owned by my paternal great-grandfather, is one of the noblest elms I ever saw, planted by him. The sight of it has given us, his descendants, more real pleasure than a heap of inherited gold could have conferred. A little way west—if we walk across a pasture west of us—we find ourselves in an orchard whose good trees we know as we do our own. These were brought from Massachusetts and planted by my paternal grandfather, him who is finishing his days with us. That was his farm.

It is three miles from our house to the colonel's. Just before we came to his broad lands, we passed those that were once my maternal grandfather's. He has been sleeping these thirty-six years; but there were apple trees that he set out, and along the road-side, for two or three rods, rose bushes! Low, entangled with grass they are, but every summer they are full of roses, and people stop to gather them as they pass. The air is fragrant with them. When we were at the village academy beyond, long strings of us came over there after roses and rosebuds; when we came home of a Saturday, they often came with us "as far as the roses." My grandfather was a most benevolent man; and if he could have foreseen half the pleasure, half the *intrinsic* good, that little patch of roses has conferred, and will confer, it would have helped him to bear the long years of pain that bent his form and laid him low while he was yet in life's prime. The colonel's lands were once my maternal great-grandfather's. Nothing is left of him but a large orchard fast going to decay, and the large, the closely-packed buildings, quite a village of them, now belonging to the colonel who is his descendant, our relative.

And here we are at the colonel's!

I linked the pale, arch-looking Em to me, and together we did all the mischief I had planned, and ten times as much more. No one could tell what to make of it;—we, the oldest, old enough both of us to know how to behave, yet turning things upside down, raising

such an uproar among the multitude of turkeys, hens and ducks, throwing cold water in the face of all remonstrants, making the little eight, ten, and twelve-years-old sisters stand aghast at our wild pranks—what could one think of all such doings as those? We did not stop to enlighten them, but went out to see how it was going among the nearest villagers. I fancy they all feel to-night as if the earth on which they stand had been shaken to-day.

I had brought some papers, several numbers of "The New York Bulletin" for the colonel to read, I told him, while we were at dinner.

Ah? he had subscribed for that very paper two months ago. He had wanted me to see it; it was the best paper published in the country; he had been on the point of mentioning it to me several times since I came.—He liked it! It had such a good spirit in it! so earnest! so christian! Mr. Kittredge was proprietor as well as editor, and he did just as he pleased, and no paper had such keen, far-sighted correspondents, at home and abroad, as his. He was able to do any thing he pleased; he had grown rich, it was said, with his paper, and he had besides been in the Assembly, the upper House, for quite a number of years.

Was he true to himself there, I asked.

Yes; yes; if there was any wrong doing, or suffering, among high or low, rich or poor, Kittredge had hold of it with both hands and "without gloves." Yes; he was a rare man—a *consistent politician*. Did I know who this "S. L——" is who is writing every week?

Oh, it was she who had been out, to-day, having such a good time with the turkeys, I told them.

They thought so! they all thought so! they, the papers, were so like me! the very best common sense and fun, politics and flowers, religion and birds, were brought so together! They liked it; it was so like seeing me, so refreshing—as it were—reading them. But—but—they never—it had never before entered their heads, that the same person could write like that, and act as I do! never!

"Then," said father, "Kittredge must be pretty well along in years. I supposed so from what I knew. I have seen his name often as connected with politics these good many years."

The colonel did not know—oh, he was probably fifty or more; he must be; he had so many years been a prominent man.

How good in him to write me such kind,

familiar letters, when he is so great and I am so little! Every thing I read of his, every thing I hear about him, makes me admire him more and more; and, strange to say, fear him less and less. Now that I know he is so old, I shall love him like a cordial, a very superior father. He has expressed such a noble, delicate interest in my family, my position, my tastes, and so on, that I have laid myself and my affairs all before him. To one thing I look forward with eagerness, although it is yet afar off. He will go to the White Mountains next season and give me a call by the way! *A crié de joie* over this!

SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 24th.

A letter from Mr. Kittredge this evening, and a grease spot on it as I live! There have all along been innumerable ink-blots, and careless erasures as if with his finger, but never before a downright grease spot. He is too old and more stupid still, he may be a Benedict "with ten daughters and one with the spine complaint,"—or, he is not; he says in this same terrible lookin' letter, as Mrs. George would call it—

"See, my little friend, (on a second thought, you say you are not my *little* friend, but that you are tall enough and broad enough to be chosen queen of all the Amazons, in Hippolyte's stead,) see then, my Susy First of the Amazons, what a variety of misfortunes has happened to this letter! It all comes from having no good-natured, careful sort of wife to see to my lamp and make me a new pen-wiper. Your letters (the penmanship is bad enough. I wonder who ever saw any thing so outlandish,) but one never sees any thing like this that one sees in mine—"

Mr. Kittredge is Dr. Thorn, and Dr. Thorn is Mr. Kittredge after this.

TUESDAY, Feb. 20th, 1847.

Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, the children and their parents from Concord, Harriet, Hal, other friends who were invited to meet them here, and still others who came of their own generous accord, hurried scribblings for the "Gazette," and the "Bulletin," to make up the time that had been lost to the pen, preparations of Hal's wardrobe for a four months' stay from home, and then again hurry to retrieve the time thus devoted—all these have come in between me and my journal, in these last two months.

Now it is still. Hal, the last, the lothest to go, started this afternoon for Woodstock. He will graduate at the close of this session, and thus, Heaven prospering his plans, he will be here no more as he has been hitherto. This is the consummation we have been looking forward to, striving for, many a year, and now that it is so near, I am sick at the thought of

it. I wonder if there is anywhere on the earth a person who has tasted ever-so-much-coveted earthly fruition without finding a bitter ingredient!

But I suppose God sees that this imperfect happiness is best for us. I suppose we need to taste now and then a bitter cup, that we may turn away and drink of the still, pure waters that our father giveth. We need to have partings and cares and sorrows, that we may not forget—as we are so inclined to do in perfect prosperity—the land where tears shall be wiped from all faces, and partings shall be no more.

MARCH, the 1st.

Thus it goes with me and my friends, with my and my friends' affairs, in these latter days. A letter came from Dr. Thorn this morning, and the man thinks he shall not wait until the mountain season; he shall come in a few weeks, perhaps in a week or two; *probably* in a week or two. He "must have some good, cozy New England sleigh rides with one good-for-nothing Susy Second, Queen of the Amazons, that there is away there among the snow-heaps." May he come, he asks quite humbly in conclusion. I shall tell him yes; but that he must be sure to bring his wife and all of his daughters. It is odd: but I like him as well, I feel as well acquainted with him, as if "we had been friends together" always. I have no doubt I shall give him a snowballing while he is here, if he is as old as my father, as the colonel conjectures.

With Marcus W—— it goes better and better. It is his father who has saved him; as it was his harshness more than any other thing that came so near destroying him. We all went to Concord at the opening of the northern railroad to this place. I called on Mrs. W——, and found her alone with her high-browed, austere-looking husband. Mrs. W—— and I have often talked of her son's condition, but never before that morning in the presence of her husband. That morning I would have him do something but scold; I would have him deliberate with us on the ways and means of reclaiming him. He was immediately intent upon his morning paper, when his son's affairs were introduced, and then passionate and cross, when I would not let him read, but appealed directly to him.

"General W——, do think of something!" said I, going and standing close by his chair. He rose, lay down his paper, took off his glasses, and looked down on them as he slipped the bows one way and another.

"I do not think there is anything I can do," said he at length, looking up in my face.

"You can do everything! He respects, he fears you more than he does all the world beside: but you are so—you judge him so

hardly! You do not consider how different he is from you, how sensitive, how sick his nerves. He longs so for tenderness, for kindness, for forgiveness in you, his strong-bodied, strong-minded father! Ah, General W——, I can see it all! If you would go to him as did that good father to the prodigal of old, if you would meet him while he is yet afar off, and "fall on his neck and kiss him," the son that is dead would be alive again, he that is lost would be found."

Mrs. W—— had buried her face and was sobbing in her easy chair. The general looked down on his glasses very thoughtfully, but the angry scowl was gone.

"Marcus is so good-hearted, so talented," continued I; "you would all three of you be so happy if he were reclaimed; and now you are so unhappy!"

"Yes," said he, "yes, we are all unhappy; but I must not forget that I am his father. I must not look on his misconduct and not reprove it. I *shall* not."

"Oh, as to reproofs, General W——, you have tried them a long time; and you must see that they drive him farther and farther from you and the right. Reproof may do for the thick skulls, obtuse perceptions and iron nerves of some young men in the world; but they are not the suitable appliances for Marcus. You may think me presumptuous in what I am saying; but no. I am more like Marcus than you are; and on this account I can understand him better, know better what he needs, what he must have, or never reform: kindness, expressed approbation of all his good points, and blind silence to his faults. I too had a great fault, and it grew worse and worse, when people made exclamations over it, scolded me for it. I longed to die many times, that I might be rid of my fault and the reproaches it brought. But at last I let it be seen by my family what I needed, and I was cured. I believe I am radically cured in six months, just from not being scolded! Mrs. W——, I must go this minute, I have so little time in town." She gave me her hand and thanked me, still weeping. The general attended me to the door. He, too, thanked me for speaking so plain. He felt better for it. He had known a long time that his wife, myself, and all of Marcus' friends blamed him; but no one was candid enough, friendly enough, to come to him and talk it over with him; and he had been indignant, cross about it; to his wife, to Marcus, he thought likely enough to me also, and to others. He would call on me at my brother-in-law's before it was time for us to leave town: he wished to see me again.

He called to show me a good, penitential, fatherly letter he had written to send to Marcus.

"And if this don't bring him, I myself shall go. I am determined now! what you said this morning, Susan, was what my conscience has been saying all along! But I would hold out in my own way, booby that I was! cheating myself out of all kinds of comfort, as well as Mrs. W—— and Marcus. What I think now, is, that it is no matter how far I go from my old line of management, I can fall on my knees before him, if it need be so; for what is this, if it will save my son?" I wept, and laughed, and blessed him altogether; and at last, when he went away, gave him a kiss on his forehead, that he might go off less self-reproachful, less grieved, that we all—for we were all rather hysterical—might have something to laugh at.

"Well, the letter brought him, as I knew it would. It could not be otherwise than that such a letter as that should operate beneficially on one like young W——. Marcus himself wrote me about it. The general did not actually "kill the fatted calf," but he made a great feast and invited all his kinsmen, kinswomen, and neighbors, to come and rejoice with him over his son—and over himself, too, he added to a little knot of friends standing with him; for he, in one sense, had been dead and now was alive again.

"But, my friend," concluded Marcus in his letter to me, "you will pity me when I tell you that this new-born kindness of my father, the restored comfort of my mother, the rejoicing of my acquaintances, all fail me sometimes; and I sink and feel ready to die for the gnawing want of the brandy cups to which I am so accustomed. Teach me! let me know how I may become satisfied with rational indulgences! how I may be always innocent, and at the same time cheerful, like you? Teach me this, and I will for ever bless you, as already I have reason to."

My answer is by me unsealed. This is my reply to that part of his letter quoted: "I cannot teach you how you may be always innocent and cheerful; for I myself do not know the way. I so often go wrong myself! I could sometimes scarcely bear my self-reproach, if it were not that I remember some very beautiful words that Christ spake to his disciples in his last hours. They meant to watch as he had commanded, you remember; but 'he found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy.' What mournful yet gentle reproach there was in his exclamation: 'What! could ye not watch one hour?' And then what heavenly condescension in his apology for them: 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!' Do you not see, my friend? Thus it is with you, thus it is with me, thus it is with all who live on the earth; often when the spirit is willing to watch and be faithful, the flesh is weak and we sleep

and fall. But we will not waste our energies in repining over our failures; we will rather turn them to their true end; they shall make us grateful that, although we fell, we rose to our feet again; and lead us to be more watchful in future. I am convinced that the true way to be happy is to be useful, to let our own little troubles go to the winds, while we look about us to see what others suffer and what we can do for them. You know what it is to be tempted and to yield; you are saved; and now it seems to me your best work will be amongst the tempted and the fallen. You can find enough to do in this field, as you will find when once you enter it and look about you. I have known what it is to be poor, and so I will work for the poor; and if ever I am rich, many a one shall have a smoother time by means of my riches. I shall find pleasure in this; but I know better than to expect that it or anything will always buoy me up, so that I shall never, as you say, 'sink and feel ready to die.' So must you know better. When your spirits flag and the gnawing pain comes, reflect that they come to every one who is as susceptible of pleasure as you would choose to be, if you must at the same time be equally susceptible of pain."

It was Uncle Hempdale who wrote that G—— and Cousin Julia will be joined at Christmas. It was a coarse, vulgar sort of letter, Uncle John says; he depended but little on what he wrote. Julia does not write me how G—— looks and appears as she proposed, nor do I ask her. Since she left, our intercourse has been restricted to three or four letters of inquiry, congratulation, and so on. We are so unlike, and we harmonize so imperfectly, there is not the least use in attempting intimacy. It can have no pleasures for either of us.

I did not see G—— when at Concord. He was on a journey to Washington, and, moreover, to Cincinnati, his friends supposed. They didn't know; his mother and sister did not know. His cousin, who was visiting them at the time, informed Harriet, whose intimate friend she is, that they conjectured he was going to Cincinnati, because he had been to Washington before; but never before had been so anxious and impatient about his linens! It was impossible to suit him. His sister stayed at home from the society meeting to correct some faults in them, tired herself almost to death over them; so that, at the last, he could find no fault with them; but he carried them off to his room with sour looks and without one grateful, even civil, word. They have a hired girl to whom his sister entrusts her collars and all her nicest articles, because her own health is so feeble; but feeble or not feeble, she must always attend to her brother's linens. No hired girl shall

touch his linens. This is abominable! It would be bad enough if he would even smile and say, "Thank you, my sister;" now it is abominable. I am more and more thankful every day, that I am not, that I never shall be his wife.

THE 6th.

The Bulletin of to-day reached me to-day, together with a letter from Dr. Thorn, written yesterday in New York. Thanks to our Northern railroad for this expedition.

My friend will come to F—— by the first train, a week from this day. As for the wife and the daughters, he says he "shall bring no wife with him; but he wishes he could be so happy as to carry one back!" Whew? He "does not know, having never been in love—unless he is now as he really believes he is—but he thinks he is just as impatient as a lover, a declared and accepted lover, to see my homely face." He adds—"Are you, in sober truth, as homely as you say? Yet I need not ask, although I did a few days since hear a very beautiful young lady say affectedly to her escort—'Oh! I am sure, now, you must think I am shockingly ugly; for I certainly am!' As well as if we had been personally acquainted years, I know that you are not of this insincere character. You think it of little consequence the outline of the features, the color of the skin, if a noble soul dwells within and shows itself in the expressive face; and therefore, if it were the truth, you could say—'I am very beautiful, I have the prettiest, most regular of all noses,' just as composedly as now you say—'I am very ugly, I have the largest and crookedest of all noses.' This pleases me! I too am ugly, with a wide mouth and a far-reaching nose, but I like my face very well, 'for a' that.'"

The editor of the Gazette, in a late number of that paper, rallied the doctor on his "new penchant for the married life, for the bright face looking up on the tired husband's return home, and the baby arms sent forth to clasp "papa's" neck, and all such pleasant things belonging to the home of the happily-married man." He entreats "Willis, Morris, Greeley, and others of the corps editorial there, to look about them and see what pleasant, sensible lady is at the bottom of the whole affair."

And in truth he does absolutely rhapsodize. For myself, I am in a delicious yet quiet dream. I have no doubt that I should be the happiest woman on the whole earth, if he were mine and I his; if our cares, our pleasures, our homes were one. But I am equally confident that I can be as happy as mortal woman should hope to be, in having him for my friend.

WOODSTOCK, Saturday, 13th.

Alas! how true it is, that man, that woman may dream and plan, but that God alone

"worketh according to the counsels of His own will, with none to stay his hand, or say unto Him—What doest thou?"

Poor brother Hal! poor brother Hal! so pale, so sick, so death-like he is now, when, two weeks ago, he was so buoyant, so strong! The crisis has passed, the day of mortal pain for him and mortal dread for us; but still he is so weak, so spiritless! still he looks so gone! I sit where I can see him by raising my eyes; yet I am not easy a moment. If I cannot hear his breathing, or see the clothes moving on his breast, I dread that the breath has gone.

He has never had fever but once before, and then such long, weary weeks of intermittent fever succeeded the regular stage, and he appears so much now as he did then, I can have no hope of his being able to go on again with his studies this session. This troubles me because it will trouble him. The place we all would have chosen above all others for him, must be filled in June; he was sure of it if he was ready, and now it must be filled by another. But He that knoweth all things will do that which is right, and it is for us to acquiesce in the dark dispensations as we rejoice in the bright.

Immediately, upon being sent for to come to Hal, I wrote to New York. The letter reached there, no doubt, in season to detain Mr. Kittredge for the present.

Our parents, W——, S—— and Harriet, have all been here. They left this morning. And now it is to be my sole, blessed work to watch the patient, the dear boy, until he is able to be carried home.

THE 16th.

As "darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day," so afflictions in our lot show us what goodness there is down in the heart, what earnest sympathy in those who ordinarily pass us intent on their own pleasures, or their own interests, giddy as butterflies, or "cold as the Parian stone." It has been written—"Oh, we know not what treasures of rich and holy feeling our ignorance of each other's better nature leads us to throw away or trample under our feet. He had a deep insight into human nature who made it the law of his morality, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves." Yes, brother; if we know nothing of the goodness, "the rich and holy feeling," the thoughtful kindness, in our every day life, they are still there, as we shall see if trouble, sickness, or death come near us, as I have seen here at W——. Strong young men, Hal's classmates, wept and grew pale as they stood by what they thought his death-bed. Inquiries, offers of assistance by day, by night, offers of any thing, *every thing* that we could need, have every hour been made by professors, students and

neighbors of every degree, every character; and this sympathy has helped us as no other earthly thing could, to go through our season of anxiety and watching. It is balm to Hal, who is always so susceptible of the pleasures of friendship, and who, now that he is so weak, is doubly sensitive. I accept watchers for a few hours in the night while I sleep, but not for the day. Fever fits are induced so easily, they are so slow to pass, and leave him so weak, if they are not attacked when they first begin. The doctor staid with him yesterday that I might "go and get some color and strength," as Hal said, turning his heavy, sad-looking eyes up to my face. I walked; but the sad eyes followed me. I could not understand why I should have consented to leave him for a moment. What was there along the busy street that I cared for seeing? What could the dull, solitary walk in the strange place, and that cold air, do for me.—*They* bring me strength and color, forsooth! No; I was weak, I could not walk. I was cold, shivering from head to foot, and I would go directly back to Hal. Nobody should send me from him again. I should have strength and color when his came, when we could go home, and not before. Kind eyes looked in my face, saying, plainly as if the tongue had spoken—I pity you! so that every moment I was ready to suffocate with the struggling tears. But I kept them back; for the inquiring eyes that would be turned to me when I went back, if they must see that color had not come, should not see that tears had been there.

The doctor scolded me for my speedy return; and Hal, half-glad, half-reproachful, said, "Yes; you *ought* to have walked longer, Susy." But I ought not; for to my practised eye the incipient fever was already visible, although the doctor had not observed it.

Now he sleeps, and I write with a pencil that his sleep may be undisturbed.

I received a letter from New York a few days ago,—kind as if an own brother had written it. G—— would not so far have forgotten himself as to feel such sympathy for me, if I had met a far heavier trial than this. I see I am often comparing the two gentlemen, Kittredge and G——; and I cannot remember an instance in which the latter has not the disadvantage.

The good one! the good one! I say internally as often as Kittredge comes into my thoughts. I wish he were here. He is so strong at heart, so humane, I fancy he could raise Hal with his might; that I could be rested, and also—

LATER.

The doctor interrupted me. He came, introducing a Dr. Rutledge, of Lawrence, Massachusetts; and Dr. Rutledge is none other

than my "tall, distinguished-looking gentleman," him of ubiquitous memory. I wonder at my indifference toward him, when I recollect how the sight of him excited me at the mountains last summer. I was altogether composed; but he, I think his hand was unsteady, and that it tightened upon my listless fingers, as mechanically I gave them to him. Many old things have passed away since our last meeting, and this is one of them, my interest in him. In part it is Time's work. In part it is my care for Hal which makes me in a great degree insensible to every thing not connected in some way with him, and again in part because my new friendship for Dr. Thorn leaves no room in my heart for any tall, distinguished-looking man whatever.

I went down stairs directly upon their going to the bed to see to Hal's pulse, and on my return two of the students were here, and soon the doctors took their leave; not, however, until Hal, who has conceived one of his instinctive, first-sight likings for Dr. Rutledge, turned his eyes after that gentleman, and asked him to call in the morning if it would be convenient for him. He assented with a cordial well-pleased smile: bowed, with a lingering look that is still before me, to me, and went out with Dr. Miles.

Two letters I must write to-night. The parents must know how it is with Hal; and I must write to Dr. Thorn, both because it is high time his letter was answered, and because I want to keep him between that Dr. Rutledge and me. Heigho!

THE 17th.

Dr. Rutledge came this morning instead of Dr. Miles. He did not touch Hal's pulse, but he placed his chair near the window, got him into it, read to him, talked with him about the scenery, the summer walks. Hal's voice grew strong and his eye clear as he talked with him about the delightful summer rambles along the river, the invigorating scrambles up Mount Tom close by. But his eyes grew heavy again as he looked down on the active throng threading the street. "I long to be out!" said he, in reply to the doctor's inquiring looks.

"You will very soon be out. You are stronger this morning than you were yesterday."

"But it takes me so long to get well always! I shall lose the rest of this session, and this troubles me. Susy, go and walk while Dr. Rutledge sits with me; take a longer walk than you did the other day. You came back as languid as you went. You can sit by me, doctor?"

"Yes, all day, if it is necessary," replied he, in his good, hearty way, and with the best voice one ever heard. I hope Dr. Thorn's may be as kind. And then, turning to me:

"Yes; take a long walk," said he, like one having authority over me; "that is, if you are strong enough. But you are pale, and your hand I noticed is as cold as lead—are you strong enough to walk?"

"Yes, indeed! yes, I will go this minute," replied I, preparing to go.

"And after you come back, take some time below; stay and chat with your hostess. Dr. Miles says you have been every moment by your brother." He was actually scolding me.

"I left him twice, and both times I found him feverish—" began I, excusing myself, like a culprit before a judge.

"Better find him feverish ten times than shut yourself in here until you are languid as—"

"Better for me, perhaps; but—"

"And better for him. It is essential to him that his nurse be strong of limb and will. Your strength must in part help him to his feet."

"I shall not stay to be scolded another minute. Good morning, Dr. Rutledge; good morning, my brother Hal."

I staid the longest while. Our hostess, who is a dear, good lady, accompanied me; we sauntered; we did some shopping; we bought some lemons for Hal and for a poor widow away down the street; went off with a brisk pace to carry them to her, and then, finding that a great deal needed to be done for her, we threw off our cloaks, got her up, made her and her room nice and comfortable by a touch here and a touch there, and then came home, leaving the widow wonderfully refreshed, as she declared, and the fifteen-years-old daughter, who is her nurse and housekeeper, so thankful that her large, intelligent eyes were full of tears.

Oh, I was a new creature! It was as if clouds had disappeared from my brain, and manacles from my limbs, so that I felt as if I might fly up the stairs over which I have crawled so languidly of late. Hal, too! I was obliged to confess that Dr. Rutledge was a better nurse than myself, for Hal was like a new creature.

"I shall come again to-morrow morning, with your leave," said the doctor, as he was drawing on his gloves to go. "I have a warmer dressing-gown than yours that I will bring, and then you can away with comforter and pillows from your chair. The sooner a convalescent can get rid of these the better—that is, if he runs no risk."

Hal thanked him with his eyes, and the doctor disappeared.

It is all Dr. Rutledge, Dr. Rutledge, with Hal. In spite of all I, who am not over-anxious to hear his praises sung, can do, he makes himself tired again and again talking of Dr. Rutledge, Dr. Rutledge. In truth he

is a magnificent man—but let this pass. He has no business being magnificent, charming Hal, commanding me as if I were his ten-years-old daughter; this belongs to Dr. Thorn to do. He has no business to be here visiting Dr. Miles at this time. I wish I had invited Dr. Thorn to Woodstock. Heigho!

Dr. Rutledge is Mrs. Miles' nephew. He studied medicine with Dr. Miles when he was residing at Andover, Massachusetts; and this is all I know of him, except that he is of the "New City" at present; or I suppose he is, since this is the only place of which I have heard him speak; and as he knows everybody and every thing that is passing there. I wish he were back there—I wish he were back there.

Strange that he does not name our mountain adventure. He recognised me, I am sure, from his appearance when we met here. But then he is superior to wasting his breath on such trifles concerning himself! He does not in fact appear to think of his own affairs at all. I can see that he is bending himself to one point, setting Hal on his feet again. But he has no business to be doing it. What, Hal?

Hal. It seems to me I have seen Dr. Rutledge somewhere before. It troubles me trying to recollect where.

Susy. At the mountains—you saw him on "the topmost, towering height" of Mount Washington.

Hal. That is it! I remember it all now. I know what Harriet said about him. Did not he catch you when we upset there at Crawford's? Was it not he?

Susy. Yes—I suppose so. But do not let him know that we remember it. He had no business to touch me.

Hal. No business to touch you! that is odd enough. He should have let you go flying against the bowling alley. I remember what Harriet said about him. What can be the reason that she don't write?

Susy. Who?

Hal. Harriet, to be sure. You are full of mischief to-night.

Susy. She wrote only three days ago.

Hal. Only three days, is it?—it seems longer.

Susy. I presume so.

Hal. I shall not talk with you any more. See what is the matter with this pillow, if you please. I can sleep now, I think.

MONDAY, the 22d.

It grows altogether desperate with this Dr. Rutledge business. He comes here as often as he pleases, in spite of the coldness, the downright impudence I sometimes put into my manner toward him; for Hal can not live without him. He must come in three times

a day and make long visits each time, so that he is here nearly all the time; and I, finding myself altogether a supernumerary, go my own ways here and there, a waif-like sort of thing as I am. But the color and the strength come. I am thinking that soon I shall be strong enough to pitch a regular quarrel with Dr. Rutledge, to see who shall be master here. He decided to-day that Hal is so much better as not to be in need of watchers, and therefore a white cot has been placed on one side of the chamber, of which the doctor, who is now with Hal, is to take possession by night. Hal is altogether overwhelmed with gratitude and pleasure; I, on the other hand, do not once say—I thank you; for what business has he, I would like to know, as if there were no Dr. Thorn in the universe, or anywhere else? I will write a letter to Dr. Thorn; the beginning and the end of which shall be—*Peresthy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians.*

THE 23d.

The doctor had disappeared when I came to Hal's room this morning; but he returned soon after breakfast, bringing Mrs. Miles to sit with Hal, who was already up, while—

"While you take a long sleigh ride with me, Miss L——," concluded he, in the most matter-of-course of all tones, as he brushed Hal's hair, spoiling it, absolutely spoiling the pretty arrangement I had made of the wavy locks. "My aunt has brought her sewing," continued he. "See! a basketful; Hal, my dear fellow, you need not expect us—"

"I think I can't go—I can't leave this morning," said I, arranging books on the table, with my back toward them.

"We shall see," replied the tyrant; and straightway disappearing from the room, he returned in one minute with my cloak and bonnet. He had observed them, of course, lying on the hall table.

I was obliged to laugh with the rest. I reached my hands away out for my cloak; but no; talking all the time about a new affair that had just appeared in the papers—he had just read it—about some runaway slaves of the District of Columbia—a most shocking piece of business—he put my cloak round me, and looked to see if I had on warm shoes.—No; I must put on overshoes—could he bring them?

I replied by running after them.

"We shall soon be back," said I, at the chamber door.

"We shall not be back in a long time," said he, making his bow to them, and extending his hand to me.

Dr. Thorn—thought I, as my tyrant tucked the rich buffalo robes in around me—I will think of Dr. Thorn the whole way, and wish that he were here in the place of Dr. Rut-

ledge. But I could do no such thing for the good, deep voice that was close to my ear, and for the beautiful, the interesting things of which it spake. He handled "that abominable affair in the District," as arbitrarily as he does me; and it was good to me hearing his righteous indignation venting itself; I myself am always so indignant over every species of oppression, whether it be over whites or blacks, in families, in communities, or in nations!

"A glorious day!" said he, with a sigh—of satisfaction it must be, judging from his face. He had been looking abroad in silence, but turned to me as he spoke.

"Oh, but it is biting cold!" said I, with an audible shudder.

"Cold? can it be that you are cold?" said he. "I must have you closer to me then. I have warmth enough about me this morning for a half dozen frozen things like you." All this time he was busy gathering me toward him by tucking the robes down to my left side. "There, am I not equal to a stove?—every way equal?"

"I don't know. I am thinking if Dr. Thorn were here, in your place, I should—"

"Should what?"

"Find it warmer, better—every way better." I laughed; but the doctor—he too laughed—but at the same time he declared that it was nothing short of outrageous.

"Bringing your Dr. Thorn in the face and eyes of Dr. Rutledge. Where is he?"

"I wish he were here; but he is a great way off."

"Where? I declare you shall have no peace till you tell me where?"

"I declare I shall not tell you where!"

"Oh, there is no Dr. Thorn in the land! You are inventing him as you go along."

"Then I am very skillful at invention; for he is a much nobler man than you ever saw, even when you looked in a mirror."

"Good!" said he, laughing heartily. "I like your spirit. But I have no faith in your Dr. Thorn; so unsubstantial! with no locality whatever! I declare!"

"He lives in New York, sir; and I will have the pleasure of introducing you to just the sort of man I admire, if you will make a call—a *very* short call—at F——, in the course of a few weeks." He looked so quizzingly, so oddly in my face, laughing so immoderately, that I turned away blushing, half-vexed, and saying that I should not talk with him any more. I should save all favors for Dr. Thorn.

It is clear that he does not care if I have five hundred Dr. Thorns, nor how much I admire them all. This pleases me. It makes me turn away from him to Dr. Thorn, who, I am sure, would not be so over-delighted to hear me praise Dr. Rutledge.

APRIL 5th.

I have read the old mythoplasma, touching the mighty wheel that is for ever turning; and how the Mortals and all their affairs revolve upon it; so that, as surely as they are raised at one time, they will be let down at another; and, as surely as they are down, they will rise again. I have heard from honest, homely people another and a shorter version of the same matter—"The world is full of *ups* and *downs*."

Hal sits there looking so wosome, with nothing to do but to pare his finger nails to the quick. I will ask him what he thinks about it. Hal!

Hal. What?

Susy. It is true, isn't it, that the world is full of *ups* and *downs*, as wise people say?

Hal. (With a sigh.) It is full of *downs*, at any rate.

Susy. Oh, and of *ups* too! I will not hear a word of their separation; for it is both unphilosophical and ungrateful.

Hal. Perhaps so; but I am too much disappointed every way, to exercise much philosophy or gratitude at present.

Susy. That is very naughty, Hal. I am thinking of D'Israeli. He has one capital thing in "Coningsby," which would make it well worth while his having lived and written, if we have heard the last of him, except as member of the British Parliament.

Hal. What is that?

Susy. Why, when every thing was going against Coningsby after his grandfather's death, you remember Sidonia asked him which he would choose, if he were to decide between his own misfortunes and the loss of a limb. Oh, his own misfortunes certainly! Between his own misfortunes and the loss of a tooth? His own misfortunes again! Think of it, Hal! He was making all that ado over mischances less than the parting with a tooth! Still I do not blame him; I do not blame you; or myself, when I am discouraged, as I often am; but I am glad D'Israeli put those words into Sidonia's mouth, there is such truth and consolation in them. They have lifted me many times like a heavenly breeze.

Hal. They do me. I wish "Coningsby" were here.

Susy. I do; but since it is not, try this; try 'St. Giles and St. James.' It will please you, it is so strong, so life-like, so full of philosophy and human kindness!

Hal. Thanks! and now, my poor Susy, write in peace; for I am in peace.

Yes; thanks to D'Israeli, Hal is in peace. The monotonous scraping of the nails, the abstracted and melancholy look, the listless head turning to look out on the dreary spring landscape—all these are gone. He plants his feet cozily in their cushion, leans with relaxed mus-

cles in his easy-chair, and reads with a fixed, pleased look.

Dr. Rutledge is gone. He has been gone a fortnight, and his loss, together with Hal's protracted debility, is the cause of his dejection.

The doctor's departure was a very sudden one. He sat reading aloud to us, when Dr. Miles came in from the post office with letters for him. As he handed him one of them, he read from the outside—"To the care of Dr. Miles. Dr. M—— will see that it is delivered immediately."

Dr. Rutledge tore it open hastily and ran his eyes through the pages.

"I must go immediately! to-day, if it is possible!" said he, a good deal excited, folding the letter and preparing to go.

Hal was paler than ever; I was faint enough to be pale, and Dr. Miles was blue. "What is it, Harry? what has happened?" said he.

"I have alarmed you all, and unnecessarily. Mr. Gregg has written me," (turning to his uncle,) "that a piece of rascality is on foot; some drafts, supposed now to be forgeries, have been presented, by which I may lose hundreds, and perhaps thousands, if I am not there to adjust matters. I must go immediately. Hal—"

"Not to-night, Harry," interposed Dr. Miles. "It is sunset now; but by the early stage to-morrow morning you can go."

They could not stay another moment with us, however. Preparations were to be made for the early departure; and, besides, Dr. Rutledge was unfit for company. Hal was like the child that parts with its mother. I was stifled and desolate. I kept wishing that it were morning instead of night, or that it were summer, so that I could let the air in upon us all. Dr. Rutledge was the most quiet one, after the first, instantaneous excitement; but he looked grave and pale, as he wrung our hands at parting.

We have heard from him twice by Dr. Miles. He brought in his letters and read the long, kind messages they contained for us.—His affairs are perplexed yet; but he has hopes of detecting the culprit, which is the only thing that can save him a heavy, but not absolutely a ruinous loss. He sent us books; among them "St. Giles and St. James."

Mr. Kittredge also sends us books, and letters filled with the kindest, best things, and petitions for copy for the "Bulletin." I write, therefore, now that my child, Hal, takes so little of my time. This occupation gives me a double advantage, in furnishing funds for our very great expenses; and in withdrawing my thoughts from Dr. Rutledge, who has not the least right to them, to Mr. Kittredge, who has a right to all I have and am, since, of late, he pays me so munificently for my poor ser-

vices, that I am oppressed, troubled. I should not know which way to look if I were to meet him. I would rather never meet him; but I must. He will come to New Hampshire soon after I am established at home. *Eh bien.*

TUESDAY, the 20th.

Hal has faith in the *ups* of life now. He sings now and then a line, sometimes gay, sometimes sad; for, poor fellow! his heart is alternating with joy that he is going home, and regrets that he must leave all those who have shown him such kindness, and regrets, too, that he has failed to secure that for which he came.

A letter came from Uncle John yesterday, announcing that to-morrow he will be here with his carryall and two horses to take us to F——, by such stages as suit Hal's weakness. His purse was in danger of plethora. He should bring that along, and attend himself to our bills here. He was sure I could not be competent, and Hal must not be worried at all with business. Good, jovial Uncle John! No one knows so well how to confer favors as he.

Yesterday Hal rode and walked, little companies of the students going with him. To-day he has spent an hour or two at the college. There is not a familiar face, not a pleasant walk, that he must not look at once more before going home. He is whistling over his letter-packing.

Hal. What would you observe, Miss Susy? What are you thinking about?

Susy. Didn't I tell you, all along?

Hal. Tell me what?

Susy. That the night is always darkest just before the day,

Hal. Not that I remember. But you said one profoundly wise and original thing.

Susy. (Bridling.) What was that, pray?

Hal. That it was not so bad after all, as if it were a great deal worse.

Yes; this is the way Hal always mocks this branch of the philosophy with which I undertake to comfort myself and him under our misfortunes. I, on the other hand, have always admired the poor soldier, whose grief for the loss of a leg was swallowed up of gratitude that it was not his neck.

MAY the 18th.

The birds and the May-flowers have come; the buds open apace; we write, we study; and then, throwing books and papers from us, we go out and hoe and rake in the yard and garden. But I fear we neither of us find so much pleasure in the books, or the pastime, as we did one year ago. We are neither of us as we were then. As for Hal, his plans are all overthrown. He would have been married in June if he had secured a position

at N——; so that, although I occasionally remind him that it is not half as bad as if it were ten times worse, he is too greatly disappointed, too languid to be comforted or amused. He will be happier when he is stronger; while I—I shall be happier, more at ease—when I can.

We have no tidings of Dr. Rutledge, since a letter came from Dr. Miles the week after our return, saying that "Harry was still immersed in the affairs pertaining to 'that rascally forgery'; but likely to bring them soon to a happy termination. He would soon write to us; probably soon visit us at F——."

I greatly fear I shall of necessity introduce him to Dr. Thorn, as I promised; for the latter gentleman will be here to-morrow morning. Hal went to Concord by the first train this morning; will return by the first on the day after to-morrow. He should be here now, I am so wretchedly nervous! And still I would rather he should not see what clumsy work I make of our meeting.

THE 21st.

The morning passed and no Dr. Thorn came. I was glad! I flung my hair back and went out to help the sparrow, that in the last five years has been trying to complete a nest in the woodbine directly above the door. He is so often interrupted, he always gives up the attempt at last, and goes I know not whither. A beautiful nest had been brought in from the ground in the orchard. I placed that close by the half-built shanty among the vines. Then I dug in the garden. Mrs. George, who came along and stopped by the garden-fence, declared that, "the goodness marecy! she never seed a woman kiver and onkiver rutes like that 'ere. What would I work out for by the month, come?" I did not make her an offer, although it immediately occurred to me that I would like to "hire out," or go into a cave somewhere, and stay until this dreaded visit of Dr. Thorn were over.

I invited Mrs. George in; I kept her to dinner; for it was comfortable having her here, when it would otherwise have been so still and intolerable, nervous as I was! She watched me all the while.

"The land, Susy!" said she, more than once. "Ef ye don't act as ef ye was pussessed, I never seed any body that did; that's a fact."

"Why? how, Mrs. George?"

"Why—yer so kind o' rude, 's ef ye'd go over folks' heads, ef they didn't luke out; and all along, at the same sitiuation, as ef ye'd boo-hoo right out, ef any thing on airth should happen.—I do' know, I'm sure! I never seed you, or any body jest so afore."

The rumbling as of distant thunder, the whistle, the bell, coming to us faintly through the intervening woods, the kitchen clock striking the hour of four, all told me that the cars

were at the village, and I grow as sick as death. I could breathe at all, only by breathing in long, choking sighs. I would have given the world, that Hal were at home, or that all the town were here, so that I might go behind somebody and hide. I longed intensely that he might not come! that he might be sick—dead, rather than that he should come! If it were Dr. Rutledge coming, I could be as glad as a bird; for I knew him, and he me; and, besides, he was so lively, so good, one could not be otherwise than at ease with him. But I was distressing myself for nought, it seemed, as five o'clock, six o'clock came, and no Dr. Thorn. I went out into the soft spring air, listened to the birds and described their notes to grandfather, who cannot hear them now, unless they are near. How his eye brightened as I imitated the well-remembered sounds! The lark, the cuckoo, the plover, the yellow-bird with its half-plaintive, half-lively "pe-wee, pe-wee," the golden robin with its frolicksome, mocking "Katy, you did, you did! Katy, beauty, dear!" Oh, I grew so happy, so thankful to God for his gift of the birds! of the spring! of the newness of life that was welling up through all nature, through my own being—if I would let it develope itself as it was doing in the trees, the vines, and the turf; if I would let it burst forth into gladness and singing, as it was doing in the birds and the gentle breeze, instead of wasting my hours and my peace in repining, uneasy thoughts of Dr. Rutledge and Dr. Thorn. What were they to me, compared with the Great Being who preserves me and mine "in the hollow of His hand," as it were, so that no bitter harm comes near us, so that we rise in strength, and lie down in peace? And yet in my thought of them, I had been forgetting Him, going far from Him.

"Your mother says you and grandfather must come in out of the night air," said Maria, appearing at the door. "Grandfather, George is here. He came over across the pasture, and wants to see you."

Grandfather joined the family; but my heart was full, and longing to be alone with my thoughts, I turned into the parlor. I sat a long time thinking of what I was, and what, on the other hand, it was my ability and privilege to become day by day. I reasoned, I asked for heavenly wisdom, heavenly strength, where my reasonings failed me, until I firmly believed that the idol was cast out, and the true God enshrined within my heart.

But, lo! the parlor door was opened by Maria, and the idol presented himself there. Not Dr. Thorn. He—it must be that Dr. Thorn had broken his neck, I thought. At any rate, he had not come, as he appointed; and Dr. Rutledge had come as he had not appointed. With a *crie de joie* and alacrity of

movement that would have infinitely shocked Cousin Julia, I started from the sofa to meet him.

"Susy! my dear child!" said he; and he kissed my hand repeatedly before letting it go.

Maria returned in a moment to apprise me that there were callers in the other room, and to ask "if Mr. Kittredge would have tea."

"Dr. Rutledge, Maria," said I, blushing; for I knew that a pair of very penetrating eyes were turned to my face. "Will you have tea, Dr. Rutledge?"

"I thank you, I had tea at the hotel in the village, while they were searching the town for a horse and carriage to bring me over," replied he, laying his hand on the sofa for me to be seated again.

"Beg our company to excuse me," said I to Maria. "And when they go, inform our folks that Dr. Rutledge is here, and invite them in."

They did not wait for the company to go. They came immediately, dear, old grandfather with them. He too must see and thank the man that had been so kind to Hal.

"You must be a happy child here!" said the doctor, when they returned to their guests.—A thoughtful expression came over his face as he spoke. I fancied that his heart was yearning for his own early home.

"Yes; but there are troubles of one kind or another everywhere, I think. I had them when I was a child, I have them now; and I have thought, that if the time comes when I have *heavy* trials, such as extreme poverty, care, unkindness of friends, or sickness, or death, I will remember that when I was here in one of the pleasantest spots on earth, with the kindest friends, with health and life for me and them, and with not one pressing, gnawing want—except to be better than I am and to see others better, happier—I was still often depressed, often unhappy,—as unhappy, perhaps, as I ever shall be; for when the heavy trials come, we feel at once that we cannot bear them unaided; and, turning to the strong arm, we are borne up. The resignation, the thankfulness that come in this way, more than supply the place of the gayety, the unconcern we felt in what we call our prosperity."

"You do not dread life's trials then?"

"Not—not now; but I sometimes do. I start and shrink sometimes, and would be thankful to go no farther."

"But now, this evening, you do not feel this fear."

"No; because this evening I have been struggling with my want of faith and other evil tendencies, until I saw that struggles are good for us; that the voice that said 'Strive,' 'Resist,' was of One who knew us well, and knew what was for our true happiness and improvement."

"And, in wonderful mercy and wisdom, made that which promotes our improvement, tend to our happiness."

"Yes."

"You are a dear, good, interesting child," said he, after a few moments' pause, and gathering both my hands in his matter-of-course way into his. I could not withdraw them from him as I would from another, since this would inform him of what he really did not appear to be aware, namely, that he had them. "You are just the sort of girl I have long been wishing to find. I had begun to think that the tale of me must be—'He died without the right,' when good luck sent you into my arms. Do you know—yes I see you do. You recognised me at Woodstock, then; but you appeared so insensible! You should have started and blushed; or, better still, fainted; and upon recovering, 'in good, set terms,' you should have assured me that you owed me a debt of gratitude you could never, never pay. This is the approved mode in all such cases. You were altogether too insensible! I have flattered myself that you did not recognise me, and that to-night I would enlighten you and get up something of a scene over it. But I see plainly there never can be any such things as scenes where you are concerned; you are altogether too straightforward and like a child, as I shall always call you. My child, do say one gracious word to me! Say, at least—I thank you, my friend."

"I thank you, my friend."

"Yes—word for word, as I dictated—the parrot-phrase in everybody's mouth; but from your lips, and in your 'voice that when laughing is full of tears,' it is as if I heard it now for the first time. Would that I might hear it every day of my life; for where I no longer hear it, where I no longer see you, it is so lonely!"

I do not know distinctly how it was after this; but I think there was something very like a scene between us two. I know that I was ready to suffocate of happiness; that he too was sometimes too much agitated to speak; that when he did speak, it was to thank me, to bless me for making him the happiest of men, and to ask me to repeat it to him, that I loved him.

"That you love me, my child!" continued he, folding me closer to his heart.

"I love you," I repeated, looking where I would fain look for evermore, in his clear, manly face.

"But Dr. Thorn—I fear I shall be called out to give Dr. Thorn a meeting," said he, at length, smiling archly, and turning the quickly averted face back to his.

I was too happy to be essentially disturbed, at first, by all the Dr. Thorns in the world; but I blushed, and since my hands were in

the doctor's possession, hid my face under his arm. He laughed, and "How provoking!" thought I. "I shall not allow even him to make a jest of Dr. Thorn; for I like him altogether too well, he has been altogether too kind to me for this."

"What is my child thinking?"

"I am thinking of Dr. Thorn," said I, looking seriously in his face. "He is so talented, so good! and he has been so kind to me!" A pang of self-reproach went through my heart; for what right had I to bestow myself on another on the eve of his coming, as I had reason to believe from his letters, to claim me for himself.

"Tell me!" said he. "Are not Dr. Thorn and Mr. Kittredge one?"

"Yes, they are; but how—"

"Oh, I suspected it at Woodstock. I see how it is with you. You are divided between Mr. Kittredge, Dr. Thorn, and Dr. Rutledge; and this would be a most unlucky affair from beginning to end, if it were not that those three gentlemen are one."

How I started! how the blood came and went! And the tears—there was such a tempest as one does not often witness; I was so grateful that no one was to be made unhappy through me!

I have been writing so long! since four o'clock; and now it is almost eight. I will go down and see if help is needed in the dairy, or the breakfast room. When I am married, there shall not be so much to do for breakfast in my house. I will have good fresh bread and milk for breakfast, dinner and supper.—Thus we will save my time and strength, and my husband's money. And at the same time, with simplicity and economy, elegance shall be insured by the purity of our damask table-covers, by the bowls of porcelain and gilt, and the heavy, brightly-polished silver milk pitcher and spoons. Don't open your eyes in the least at the silver pitcher, my fairies; for we can richly afford a silver pitcher, for our table, with such simple living, so few domestics, and so on.

LATER.

Dr. Thorn has gone over to bring Hal from the cars. With a touch here and a touch there, I have put things in excellent order below, and now, briefly as possible, I will finish my story.

The doctor learned my name and my home at the mountains. Upon seeing subsequently my papers on the mountains, my initials and locality in the "Gazette," he conjectured that they were mine, and, making inquiries of the editor, he ascertained that he was correct. Although he did not see my face distinctly at the mountains, he saw enough to satisfy him, that, although homely enough, I was not absolutely an old lady, or a witch, and he re-

solved to win me for himself if I were free, I have said that he was the nephew and student of Dr. Miles at Andover; and so he was. They still have relatives there, and at the "New City," whom he visited previously to repairing to Woodstock; and as, designedly, he and Dr. Miles abstained from saying anything of New York, I supposed that he was a citizen of the "New City." The two doctors agreed before calling on us, that since at that time, it was enough for us all to do, to raise Hal in reason for him to have any further benefit from the lectures, he should be presented to us simply by his old title, Dr. Kittredge. When Hal was better and I had less care, would be time enough for further particulars. He was honestly introduced as Dr. Kittredge; but Dr. Miles mumbled the name indistinctly. I recollect that, in the dullness of my hearing, I did not understand the name at all, and after they left, appealed to Hal. He had understood it Dr. Rutledge. When we first called him by that name, he was on the point of correcting the mistake; but Dr. Miles gave him a peremptory shake of the head, and he was silent; but not wholly at ease; indeed, he was very ill at ease, although he liked the novelty of the thing. Yet he fully intended to undeceive us shortly, when that sudden recal home came.

He delayed the explanations after he returned to New York, partly because he was so harassed with that forgery, and partly because he wished to make them in person, that he might be more secure of pardon for the deception. It is strange that we did not in some way learn our mistake at Woodstock. But he had no acquaintances there, having never before visited Dr. Miles since he removed there less than a year ago. He met very few except those he met at our room, and to those he was introduced by us as Dr. Rutledge. Dr. Miles and his wife called him invariably by his Christian name, Harry, and thus the *ruse* went on.

Apropos of that forgery, it terminated favorably for Mr. Kittredge, by the detection of the perpetrator; and the perpetrator was none other than the unhappy Vernon! But there was no prosecution, for Mr. Kittredge forgave it all.

"Did he appear penitent?" I asked.

"No, I cannot say that he did. But I hoped forbearance would melt him. I *knew*, at any rate, that revenge and a prison would not. I therefore kept the affair as private as possible; and when it was adjusted, I helped him to leave the city."

"In prison he would at least be kept from new crimes," remarked grandfather; for it was at the breakfast table that we were discussing the subject."

"Ah, my dear sir! with his temperament,

the *soul* would become daily more criminal, more hardened. And we should think sometimes in our disciplines of what the soul feels, as well as of what the hands do."

"That is all true!" said grandfather, with glistening eyes. "It does me good to hear such things said. We didn't use to hear them at all in my young days. But, without hearing a word said against prisons, gallows, or jails, I always hated them; because I judged from myself, that they couldn't be the best means of making people better. Under the law we know it was 'an eye for an eye

and a tooth for a tooth;' but under the Gospel, as our Lord himself said, it is 'mercy and not sacrifice,' I find that people are beginning to understand what this means; and I am glad I've lived to see the day, when a still voice goes through the earth, saying: 'Mercy and not sacrifice—mercy and not sacrifice.'"

I could not say a word; for I was ashamed to think how little mercy I had shown Vernon at Concord.

I hope Harriet will come with Hal, and so often we shall—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR BLUE-EYED BOY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

ONE time in the May that is vanished,
With a heart full of quiet joy,
I cradled to sleep in my bosom,
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

No shadow of sorrow had darkened
His young life so lovingly fair,
For the suns of but two little summers
Had sprinkled their light in his hair.

The twilight was pressing her forehead,
Down deep in the level main,
And over the hills lay shining,
The golden hera of her train.

While under the heavy tresses,
That swept o'er the dying day,
The star of the eve, like a lover,
Was hiding his blushes away.

In the hollows that dimple the hill-sides,
Our feet till the sunset had been,
Where pinks with their spikes of red blossoms,
Hedged beds of blue violets in.

And to the warm lip of the sunbeam,
The cheek of the blush-rose inclined,
While the meek pansy gave its white bosom,
To the murmurous love of the wind.

Where the air was one warble of music,
Of the bird and the bright-belted bee,

And the waves going by like swift runners,
A singing the songs of the sea.

But now, in the dim fall of silence,
I took up the boy on my knees,
And sang him to sleep with a story,
Of the lambs 'neath the sheltering trees.

O, when the green kirtle of May-time,
Again o'er the hill-tops is blown,
I shall walk the wild paths of the forest,
And climb the steep headlands alone.

Pausing not where the slopes of the meadows
Are yellow with cowslip beds,
Nor where, by the wall of the garden,
The hollyhocks lift their bright heads.

For when the full moon of the harvest,
Stood over the summer's ripe joy,
I held the last time in my bosom,
Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

And parting away from his forehead,
The rings of a wannish gold,
I sang him to sleep with a story,
Of the lambs of the upper fold.

When, laying his white hands together,
And putting his pale lips from ours,
We trusted his feet to the pathway,
That winds through Eternity's flowers.



THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.

THOMAS CORWIN, OF OHIO.

BY A BUCKEYE.

THE first time I ever saw Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, was in the great campaign of 1840. Such an excitement was then pervading the Western country, as never before or since, on any question, drove angry combatants into the political arena. The ladies in vast multitudes cheered on the wranglers, not only by their presence but by weaving garlands for the victors, and embroidering for them the most gorgeous banners. The very children caught the prevailing epidemic of politics. Grave men, with solemn faces, were found rearing ash poles and buckeye cabins, and herds even of teetotalers walked in jocose procession after barrels of hard cider. I have even heard it intimated that some of them went so far as, on special occasions, to drink hard cider, as well as follow it, and of some it was rumored that they drank until they could not follow. However one grain of allowance must be made for the exaggerated rancor of the times.

It was a campaign worth recalling. Just think of refined men making huge cabins out of that ill-odored buckeye wood, mounting its doors with wooden hinges and leather strings, and gracing its already graceful ugliness with the barrel of hard cider; think of men crammed and packed, all sorts and kinds, until the position of Falstaff crammed in a basket "for foul clothes" was elysium. Men suffered "the pangs" of at least two of Falstaff's "three several deaths." Every one of them "compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head;" and then "stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease;" "think of that, Master Brook!" "It was a miracle to 'scape suffocation!" And yet so great was the excitement that men stood it like salamanders. Any man who could "saw the air" and tear the "clapboard roof" with his hoarse bawlings, was as sure to touch the popular enthusiasm, as the gunner's match is to ignite powder. Orators of all parties grew thriftilly as Jonah's gourd, and some of them had as much sense. And then those songs, hard cider inspirations, grave matrons, sweet-tongued girls, and even some reverend men were so hurried along the rushing tide as to make the welkin ring with them. Strange as it may seem, those songs so sang, produced abundant cachinnations and sometimes tears! and pathetic and bathetic orators for once found themselves possessed of the "art divine," which enabled them to move men with just such passions as they chose.—

Circumstances make the man, otherwise many of these mushroom Demosthenians would have died without knowing the luxury of making men weep or laugh at will! One cannot help laughing to recall the sentimentalism of politics in those days!

But how I have digressed! Let me not be misunderstood as saying that all this was sound and nothing more, nor that all the orators of that day were of the gourd and mushroom genus. Far from it. The great parties had men, who not only could address those mass meetings measured by the acre, but also those buckeye cabin audiences, and feast their hearers with lofty and magnanimous thoughts, and excite them with the most generous and genuine eloquence. The silver-tongued Clay, Metcalf, "the sledge-hammer," the impassioned Marshall, the gifted Crittenden, Ewing, the "logic binder," the grotesque and eloquent Galloway, the earnest Hamar, Olds, the charmer, and Brough, scarcely inferior to the must noted of his opponents; these, and others were in the field that memorable year, and moved the masses as tempests the sea. It is not too much to say, that rarely have any States had such a body of fine "stump orators" as Kentucky and Ohio, when Harrison was smothered to death with kindness.

Among these men, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, was not the least. In some respects he was without his peer. His superiority is not in the flute-like sweetness of his voice, for in this Clay has no rival; nor in the perfect simplicity of his style and strength of his logic, for here Ewing is the Jupiter on his own Olympus; nor in the classic finish and sweet onward flow of his weighty sentences, for here Chauncey N. Olds is as much Mr. Corwin's superior as of every other stump speaker of that great State; nor yet in the actual strength of his reasoning powers, for here he found a worthy equal in the much lamented Hamar; nor yet in pantomimic grotesqueness of features, setting off the drollest thoughts ever grafted on to logic, that ever convulsed a mass meeting, for in this Galloway can rival him; nor yet in rich, unhesitating, *ore rotundo*, eloquence, for here John Brough can overmatch him. His superiority consists in his large measures of all the qualities which make the effective orator. His reasoning powers are not shaded by the sprightliness of his imagination, and his taste is not so fastidious as to reject a rude yet sharp edge, the very common fault of some of the most gifted minds. Whilst possessed

of the most exquisite sense of the ludicrous, and able to turn any subject to the account of fun, yet his penetrating and well-balanced mind so steadily keeps the great object of speaking in view, that utility is never sacrificed even to this power. He rejects nothing which honorably subserves his point, whilst he sacrifices nothing to the mere desire of applause. In his really happy efforts, analysis will prove that, with consummate skill, he uses all the materials, within his reach, to carry his hearers to the same convictions which he has himself. In this stern regard to tangible results, Ewing himself is not more single-eyed, nor Webster more successful.

And withal Mr. C. has the reputation of great sincerity and honesty. I believe he is not connected with any church, and yet in many respects his opinions and conduct are honorable to Christianity. An intelligent citizen of Lebanon once told me that a meeting of the Bible Society was to be held. But few attended and among them Mr. Corwin. Sitting familiarly among his friends, he conversed at large on this apathy about the only Book which betters man's religious condition. He said in effect, suppose a neighboring town was afflicted with some fatal disease for which we have an infallible remedy. To be apathetic and dilatory in sending the remedy to these people, even at great cost and sacrifice, would be criminal. The Bible is the only guide-book to a remedy for the ills of mankind, and its remedial effects are not bounded by time.—How culpable must be neglect and apathy here! This thought was wrought out into the most graphic picture, and with the most impressive solemnity; the more impressive, because else where he is the most playful and amusing of speakers. So well did he occupy the moments, without any of the formalities of a meeting, that the few there felt it to have been one of the best feasts ever enjoyed.

My impression of Mr. C. is, that he is constitutionally indolent and indisposed to physical effort, but that his mind is never at rest. He is not liberally educated, and yet I would hazard the assertion that few have a more accurate acquaintance with ancient and modern history than he, especially as that history illustrates the political principles of our government. A very striking fact, illustrative of this, once fell under my own observation.—The students of Granville College, Ohio, had invited him to make the annual address before their societies. That very morning he met a friend in the barber's shop, and in my hearing remarked, that he had elaborated an address, which had necessarily led him into thrusts at the politics of his opponents, and into a mode of handling the subject which he now conceived to be better adapted to a political meeting, than to such a promiscuous multitude as

would be gathered at a college commencement. He would therefore rather abandon his speech than be guilty of discourtesy!

For three hours he listened to the orations of the graduates, and then arose to speak, announcing as his theme, the parallel between ancient and modern republics. Now there are two ways of handling that subject, either of which might be interesting, but one is far more difficult than the other. To lay hold on some grand points, and utter brilliant thoughts, and charm an audience, is what many men might do, and that extemporaneously. But an orator with such a theme will find it a far more difficult work to expound those points of resemblance and difference, by an actual reference to recorded facts, and that in their historical as well as logical sequence. And yet for one hour and a half did Mr. C. chain and charm his audience, not only with brilliant remarks of a general nature, but by the actual recitation of facts in their proper order and relations. Learned men expressed their astonishment at his accuracy and the familiar ease with which he alluded to names, dates, and eras, not only in English and American history, but in Hebrew, Greek and Roman history. I doubt whether any man in the State could have accomplished the task, without writing it, with his books around him.—To all appearance he was as ready in this difficult work as Doctor Cox, the *semper paratus* in chronology and history. Nor yet was it a mere succession of dry details, but so skillfully and effectively woven together that an audience wearied by a sitting of three hours, sat not only patiently but with delight another hour and a half. I regard it one of the best triumphs he ever achieved.

A stranger will certainly take the second look even in a crowd, for Mr. C.'s personal appearance will claim it. More athletic than agile, he is a fine looking man. In stature he is scarcely above medium, and his frame is indicative of strength and endurance. His complexion is very dark, so much so that it is a common expression among his constituents, "He is the blackest white man in the State!" In spite of the protracted and exhausting labors of the campaign already alluded to, his *Spanish* complexion was to me—alas for a boy's judgment of a favorite—beautifully clear and indicative of vigorous health. In fact, that swarthy face has become more than once the occasion of a good hit, and has served him in good stead. After his brilliant annihilation of the "*late* General C., of Michigan," the good people of Cincinnati, it is said, were determined to have a speech from him on his way home. It being understood generally that he was to come down the river on a certain day, a great crowd had assembled on the wharf to greet and to hear him. On his part, Mr. Corwin

was determined not to gratify them, it may be for the same reason that Eve turned from her lord.

"Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable; or to say all
Nature herself * * * * *
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turned."

However this may be a solution or not, it is certain that in the bustle and confusion of landing, Mr. Corwin had slipped off the other side of the boat, and had actually ensconced himself snugly in a hack. The day was very hot, but he had the windows closed, and was congratulating himself on his escape, when some sharp-eyed fellow detected the manoeuvre. Forthwith a race began, in which the crowd were clearly winners. Down came one of the side windows of the hack, and out came that head with its crown of crow-black hair, and its inimitably droll face. "What could be the occasion of such a crowd in the street, on such a blistering hot day?" Nothing could exceed the serene innocence of his face, and its expression of ignorance as to the cause of all this commotion! But when an old friend begged him to alight and favor his fellow citizens with a short speech, they had quite a graphic repetition of Eve wooed by Adam.

—She what was honor knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason.

With great gravity Mr. C. acceded to the modest and effectual pleading, and remarked to one who would have overshadowed him with an umbrella: "I do not think the sun will spoil my complexion!" And so well was it said, and accompanied with such an appropriate and pious roll of the eyes, and contortion of features, that everybody laughed, and then laughed again, and when that was over, laughed the third time. It is said that some have a spasm around the mouth to this day, whenever they think of the scene. Be this as it may, the great orator of the stump amply gratified his friends on the occasion by a speech which well sustained his trumpeted fame, as the opponent of "the late Gen. C— of Michigan!"

By the way, let me here do the memory of that gentleman the justice of relating an anecdote which is associated with the incident alluded to. The captain of a steamboat on the Ohio, a man known from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, once told me that he was on his way to Washington previous to the meeting of Congress which succeeded that amusing spar between the Buckeye and the Wolverine. At Wheeling, nine strangers were packed in a coach for a long ride over the mountains,

and in the course of the first day, still strangers to one another, wiled the time away with discussion and anecdote. At length the captain, a good hand at telling a story, repeated the anecdote of Mr. Corwin's attack of Gen. C. of Michigan. The company entered heartily into the rich joke so well told, but none so heartily as one particular gentleman seated in a corner of the coach. At every good hit he laughed outright, and when it came to the remark of Mr. Adams concerning "the late Gen. C. of Michigan," his merriment seemed without bounds. At last, wiping his eyes and with the heartiest good humor in the world, he said to his astonished companions: "*Gentlemen, I am the late Gen. C. of Michigan!*" He then gave them some farther particulars, and passed the most generous eulogiums on his witty antagonist. The captain declared that it made the general the hero of the occasion, and certainly his good humor deserves no less reward.

On the stump Mr. Corwin is always at home, and asks no favors but fair play. This style of addressing men is peculiarly pleasing to large portions of "the constituency" at the West, and multitudes get not only their impulses but their facts from this very source. Hence it is no uncommon occurrence for a speaker to be interrupted with questions; and so liberal are they, that even political opponents are allowed to interrupt in the same way. Sometimes the very life of the meeting will come from this source, and especially is this so, if the speaker is gifted in the way of repartee. With Mr. Corwin on the stand, such an occurrence is always hailed with delight, since it not only gives spring to his mind, but always affords merriment to his audience. He seems to know the meaning of the proverb: "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." Impertinence sometimes comes in for stern rebuke, and at others ignorant pedantry receives its appropriate pity. No people in the world catch the meaning and intent of a gifted demagogue more quickly than the western. They will appreciate a man's situation, and any master-stroke is sure to be recompensed on the spot by repeated applause.

The slavery question entered very largely into all political discussions during the presidential campaign which placed Mr. Polk at the head of the nation. It is a very sensitive subject for a politician to handle. In Ohio, to be too conservative might be as fatal as to be too radical. There must be some colors hung out, unless the populace grant a special indulgence. On one occasion, Mr. Corwin was addressing a large assembly and was drawn toward those dangerous shoals, where some politicians had already made shipwreck. An opponent in the assembly began to inter-

rogate him on some particular point concerning the slavery question, on which Mr. C. did not wish to commit himself. With great coolness he wrought out an elaborated nothing, a fogbank of words, as a reply. It sounded well enough, and would have satisfied the audience, if the shrewd interrogator had not blown away the fog and then repeated the question. The people saw and applauded the talent, and waited anxiously for the forthcoming reply. There plainly was no dodging to be tolerated in the ordinary way. If indulged by the people, he must pay the people by gratifying their love of fun, and could he but do this, he might stand non-committal if he chose, or do anything else! At this point those wondrous features began to work. The swarthy skin contracted into the most funny wrinkles, and lips, nose, cheeks and forehead seemed dancing a hornpipe of glee. The eyes glanced around the audience with such a musical expression of utter forlornness, little like the man whose voice was half high and half low, exclaiming, good people, do help me out! The people of course were in ecstasies before he opened his mouth, but when he said in such a droll, inimitable manner: "I leave it to you all if that is not an improper and rude question to put to a *gentleman of my complexion!*" their ecstasies rose to the pitch of a tempest, which carried the speaker high and dry beyond the danger of another question. It is easy enough to say that this is a cheap way of answering hard questions, but it is a maxim which politicians practice largely, "all things are fair in war," and to baffle an impertinent and shrewd opponent by such an amusing turn of language is the very perfection of practical rhetoric. The result proved it to be "a means adapted to an end," and that is a sufficient apology. Some grave oratorical owls are never satisfied to kill flies unless they shoot them with grape-shot, and to knock down a robin they would have a West Point professor level a twelve pounder with due reference to the resistance of gravitation and air! Mr. Corwin uses a fly brush for flies, and a fowling piece for robins, and a whip for fools, and shows his wisdom as well as one reason of his success.

Some instances have proved it to be unsafe for a common man to venture into the arena, even by implication. Quite an amusing instance of this sort occurred at a large meeting near Circleville. A number of speakers were present, and, as is common, Mr. Corwin was reserved for the difficult duty of addressing the people when wearied. Whilst the other speakers were interesting the people, he had noticed a young democratic lawyer, with great self-complacence setting on the railing of the platform, and taking notes. He found out who he was, and that he intended not only to

work out his remarks for the newspaper, but that he proposed on another occasion to answer the arguments advanced! It was too fair game for such a marksman to pass by. Perhaps a finer specimen of the *otium cum dignitate* could not have been found than this same young lawyer, when Mr. Corwin began his speech. Things moved along charmingly. The pencil was jotting down this and that to be torn to pieces at that other meeting! when suddenly the mischievous orator winged an arrow at him. Pencil and hat came near dropping out of his hand, and he himself got down from the seat on the railing and stood on one of the braces. The people saw the movement with irrepressible pleasure, but so honest did Mr. C. seem, that our lawyer's self-complacency had come up again almost to summer heat. In fact he seemed to regret his hasty retreat from a good seat, and to be making movements to regain it. He must have been mistaken, and have taken counsel of conscience!

He had not much time to reflect when sudden as light another blow fell, severer and more amusing than the first. The people applauded, and our hero ashamed yet to run, dropped down into a situation not quite so conspicuous. But his relentless adversary gave him no rest here, for he now turned on him such a storm of the most laughable ridicule that the crest-fallen democrat sprang down to the ground and was lost in the crowd, and I never learned whether or not he took sufficient vengeance in that reply he proposed to make. The probability is that he had squeezed the chesnut bur enough to be sick of the pleasure.

These spicy episodes are not unfrequent, and while they are not to be regarded as the "lock of his strength," without doubt they have contributed not a little to his immense popularity with the masses.

In closing this article, injustice would be done to the character of Mr. C. should no mention be made of some of his graver and more substantial qualities as an orator and a statesman. When Gen. Cravy of Michigan in 1840 attempted a critique on the military qualities of the lamented Harrison, his presumption met condign punishment. Never did that immense Representatives' Hall resound with such uproars of laughter. I am told that but few spectators were present when the demolition began, but when it was complete the Hall was crowded. Old age, senatorial gravity, and even envious opposition itself, laughed, and continued in geometrical progression their cachinnations, not only to the close of his speech, but long after. And yet, immediately and in the same sitting, Mr. Corwin proved himself such a master at his art, that he chained his audience with a

grave, but powerful exposition of some disputed question relating to internal improvements. In that effort he had demonstrated not only his singular ability in the comic elements of the drama, but his enviable talent also in the graver duties of a statesman-orator. "Honor to whom honor" without respect to party.

Perhaps the most honest effort Mr. C. has ever made was in the Senate of the United States in opposition to the compromise bill in July, 1848. It is easy to be both bold and honest in some circumstances. Surrounded by friends and admirers, and exhibiting some popular doctrine, a man can afford to be bold. When all things conspire to prove the old proverb in its basest meaning to be true, "honesty is the best policy," a man can afford to be honest. At mass meetings at home, where a man knows himself to be head and shoulders above his constituents, it is comparatively easy to propound and defend some obnoxious doctrine. A man breathes another atmosphere and moves in a different sphere, when he becomes a member of the United States Senate. The great men of all parties are his peers, and they are able to defend themselves. A man must be a very Titan who stands preëminent among his peers in that body. Besides this, it must be remembered that Mr. Corwin differs totally from his own party on this question. He was one of three who advocated and voted for this in opposition to an overwhelming majority. Nor was this all. He was well aware of the political capital which would be made of his expressed views. The most would have waived even a conviction, rather than encounter such a formidable array.

On the very face of the circumstances then there is the show of an honest man's conviction. The speech itself breathes not only this, but a fervent sympathy for "the right," and an utter abhorrence of that much corrupt principle, "my country, right or wrong." The admirable talent shown in the speech has never been denied. It lays hold on a man's heart-strings and thrills them with emotion. Every quality, reason, imagination, wit, and scorn, is shown and in great perfection. Mr. C.'s political opponents have a right not only to differ from his views, but to condemn them, but magnanimous spirits, whilst differing and condemning, have applauded the honesty and admired the ability of their antagonist. No ordinary man could have made that speech in those extraordinary and embarrassing circumstances. That august Senate, made up of men from every section of this country, never paid themselves a higher compliment than in listening to that speech, not because they approved its sentiments, but because an honest man, in an ad-

mirable style, was expressing his views of great national interests.

But when we find Mr. Corwin again on the stump, defending, before his constituents, that speech and his vote, we find him in the zenith of his power. Men who had heard the best efforts of Clay, Prentiss, Brough, Wright and Benton, declared it as their opinion, that Mr. Corwin's speech at Lebanon, in defense of his course in the Senate, was the greatest effort they had ever heard. "Never before was assembled an audience so solemn, so rapt, so deeply moved; and on the cheeks of the old, the middle-aged, and the young, rolled down torrents of tears, as the eloquent and patriotic truths of the noble orator of the people fell from lips that seemed almost inspired." Making a large grain of allowance for the preferences of his friends, without one doubt at Lebanon, at the bar of the people, Mr. Corwin secured the highest of his oratorical triumphs. Unhampered by the cold formalities of the Senate, held close to the throbbing hearts of the people, and defending his own honest opinions on a subject of vast moment, I do not wonder that his "eloquence seemed almost superhuman." We have no literal report of his Lebanon speech, but the one delivered in the Senate is reported in full. I have a profound admiration for the talents of many opposed to the sentiments of that notable speech. No one can either read or hear the efforts of Mr. Calhoun, the giant champion of Southern institutions, without admiration, and the mere reading of that transcendently grand effort of Governor MacDowell, in the House of Representatives last year, will excite the enthusiasm of the dullest. What must have been the overpowering emotions of those highly favored persons, who saw his whole body working out into dramatic action his thoughts, and his fine countenance all radiant with high-souled feelings, and his voice so modulated as to articulate those thoughts and feelings to the hearts as well as ears of his hearers, not like tragic Garrick, but like himself, a convinced, an honest, and a great orator with a great theme pregnant with great results!

And yet Mr. Corwin's speech has that in it which will awaken the finest feelings of the heart, and feast the hungry mind. It has in itself the elements of greatness, all swept into the burning focus of utility. Not so chaste as Winthrop, not so enthusiastic as MacDowell, not so ponderous as Webster, not so sarcastic as Randolph, not so declamatory as Preston, not so subtle in logic as Calhoun, in that speech he was chaste enough in style to be effective, enthusiastic enough to move his audience, ponderous enough to give his thoughts influence, sarcastic enough to scathe some mean spirited antagonists, declamatory

enough to be heard and admired, and logical enough to convince many, if not in the Senate, certainly out of it.

All truly magnanimous spirits in all parties do Mr. Corwin honor as a really gifted man. I have written this sketch, not as a politician,

but as a humble admirer of all real eloquence, wherever or in whomsoever found. The eloquence and the gifts of our great men do not belong to the parties of which they are members; they belong to the country at large, and that country should love to do them honor.

"SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS."

No. II.—"HOME."

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

Oh! where is the home like my own home, my sweet home?

For painter, for poet, for dreamer a meet home!
Before it the wild waves of ocean are flowing—
Beside it the proud forest giants are growing—
Behind it the tall hills, beneath it the river,
That bubbles its melody skyward for ever—
There, there in the days of my childhood, light hearted,

From pleasure to pleasure I merrily darted;
With boldness I breasted the steep of the mountain—
With gladness I drank of the gush of the fountain;
I followed the brisk bee, the light-hearted hummer,
Through all the bright roses and flow'rets of summer,

With laughter, all lightness, I'd capture the rover,
Then homewards I'd bound when the day's sport was over;

Into the old parlor—my mother's name naming,
All wildly I'd enter, the promised kiss claiming;
While fondly I thought, for my young heart was merry,
No home was so sweet as my own home in Kerry.

When youth came—on books and the bright lore they squander,

I taught my young fancy all deeply to ponder,
'Till stored in my brain lay full many a garland—
The mind flow'rs of sages from near-land and far-land;

I read of old Rome and her valor;—the story,
I read of fair Greece in the pride of her glory;
In fancy I fought with the gallant Crusader; [der;
With Godfrey, or Tancred, or "Lion Heart" La-
I looked with delight on each beautiful feature
That God has bestowed on the fair face of Nature;
The mountain and valley, strong oak and weak willow,

The calm glassy lake, and the tempest-lash'd billow!
I've heard with mix'd feelings of pleasure and won-
The note of a bird and the roll of the thunder;

And hourly I've gazed with my young eyes love-laden,

Upon the fair shape of each gay bounding maiden—
'Till over my soul broke a stream of strange feeling,
And then came of *song*, the first sudden revealing—
Oh! light was my step, and my young heart was merry,

When wooing the muse in my own home in Kerry.

Now a man—with the morn I rise from my pillow,
To breathe the cool air as it comes o'er the billow,
I still court the muse with a patience untiring,
I teach my young soul to be always aspiring;
Still hoping ere time makes my sable hair hoary,
To win a proud name, and live honor'd in story;
I love with a truth that's unshaken—my sireland—
The gem of the ocean—my own darling Ireland!
With joy in her cause to the death I would labor,
With all my mind's strength, or the strength of a sabre;

Through darkness and danger, through thralldom and sorrow,

My soul sees the dawn of fair Liberty's morrow—
How many the signs! how my heart loves to read 'em,

That auger—and tell of the advent of Freedom—
Uplifted, bright gleaming, the swords of the brave are,

And manhood and courage come back to the slave are,

Oh! deep is my joy, in my home by the wild wood,
Sweet home of my manhood, my boyhood and childhood,

With hope for a future unclouded by sadness,
The hours fly on wings, and each one brings me gladness;

With kind friends in love bonds all closely united,
How gay is my hearth when the wood fire is light-ed!

Oh! deep is my joy! with a young heart that's merry,

I court the coy muse in my own home in Kerry.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

BY MRS. E. S. LEGGETT.

HETTY and Susan Layton were as different in their dispositions as they were in appearance; the one had a clear, rosy complexion, laughing eye, and joyous expression, with which the fullness of a round figure and nimble step would accord, while the other had a shrunk, tall, straight body, with thin lips, dull, grey eyes, and naturally no smile at all, unless a painful distortion of one side of her mouth, when an unfortunate occurrence in housewifery was dwelt upon might be so interpreted. I never saw her run; but she would walk around the house as though there was death in it. Even when they were children, Hetty would always come bounding into the door, with her apron full of fruit or flowers, and her dress all in tatters from the exertion to gather them, while Susan would follow her demurely, with no evidence of the happiness and delight which beamed in every expression of her sister's face and spoke in every word she breathed. It was not that Susan was cross either, but a continual discontent seemed to hang upon every thing she said or did. If it rained it "was to disappoint her;" if the birds sung, "every thing, even the birds were happier than she." Of course we loved Hetty—how could we help loving her best? Even her cake tasted sweeter than Susan's, if it was browner; for it seemed as if the song with which she set gaily at work was in our ear, and we could always hear it when we touched or eat any thing of hers; while, if it was Susan's turn, (we used to take turns in those days in housekeeping,) she would sigh at breakfast time for fear she would miss her luck in baking, and if by chance she did, she would mope about until next baking-day came to redeem her credit, but Hetty would say, "don't fret, Susy; if it is a little heavy it will last the longer;" thus did the little annoyances of life embitter every day of it. It would read any one a lesson to see the two girls. With one the gentle streams, which might have beautified the flowers, ever ready to spring upon its banks, were checked in their course and turned to fall over rocks and in muddy currents, while the other was a song of gladness in its silver rippling, pausing now in glassy rings of playfulness, and dashing its tiny spray upon the sweet flowers which grew hourly in Hetty Layton's bosom; as it is said that "the boy is father of the man," so were the dispositions which were rooting themselves about the growth of the minds of them, to be the cloud or its silver lining in all their future lives.

In visiting the sick, (a sacred duty with them both,) their natural characteristics were felt. There was in the neighborhood a young creature, who was lingering for months at the edge of life, and the voice of comfort was always so welcome, and it would seem when Hetty came to her with her basket of nice fruit and a few flowers, and brought pictures, and would sit by her chair, with her white hand laid in hers; the invalid would smile, and her languid eye would brighten to the cheerfulness of the kind creature beside her; and hope would seem to be by her in those short seasons; and the mother of the sick girl would follow Hetty to the little gate, and beg her to come soon again, for her visits "did Mary so much good;" but when Susan came she never brought flowers, and would sit at a distance and ask the attendant if she failed fast, and dwelt upon her alarming symptoms, and relate other cases of like nature and increased suffering as the disease advanced, until oftentimes a faint, hysterical sob would come from the low couch, and Susan would return to say, "what a poor turn Mary had while she was with her."

Well, the girls grew up to be young women, and the toes of one would ache, while pinched up in a tight shoe, so intolerably that her whole frame seemed to partake of the agony; and Hetty, although her foot was larger in its proportions, danced and tripped upon the green with all the light gracefulness of enjoyment, as her pleased countenance would seem to say, "the world and everybody in it owes me my share of happiness—why shall I not claim it?" If the old fiddler "forgot to come," or the string of his violin snapped, and there was none other, you would always hear her voice in time, making music for the little companies in the neighborhood, shocking greatly her sister's propriety, who would exclaim against her making "herself so common, and transforming her sweet face into something more like the great pionsies in the garden; and besides, she would add, "you need not expect to attract the admiration of the young men by it, for I do believe they were laughing in their sleeves at your labor;" but little could the kind-hearted creature be convinced that so ill-disposed a person could live as to ridicule or dislike her for her efforts to please, when she felt that all her pulses were in harmony and good will to the least of the company.

And so time passed; and, notwithstanding the great difference in the attractive manner and disposition of the two, it began to be ru-

mored, about among the "young folks," that "Susan Layton had a beau," and stranger than fiction it was true.

John Walker was a young man calculated in every respect to render a wife happy—if she were not predetermined to be otherwise—he was encouraged by her parents to continue his visits, and Hetty urged upon her sister the gentle manners and universal good name he enjoyed, but Susan was unmoved. "Why is it?" persisted Hetty; "you can't find a fault about him!" At length she acknowledged that she was so scrupulous—that he did not look neat enough—she liked him very well, but she knew that the polished linen, white as snow, on his bosom, had no connexion with his wristbands; in plain terms, it was a *false dickey*, (we used to call them *dickeys* in those days,) for his wristbands were tucked up every other night, and so she would not marry him, for she hated deceit, and that closed John's courtship; but in a few months preparations were going forward for a wedding; and Hetty, happy in the choice of a lover, did not inquire into the secrets of his washerwoman, and believed that all was gold which glittered. She reposed in trustful confidence that, as the time had come for her to leave the old house and the vine at her father's door, the shadow of the roof-tree of Henry Fielding would shelter her as lovingly as had the dear trees about her native home; and so, after she had taken her last walk among the familiar places she had loved—looked her last upon the little brook, and her family of ducks, and stooped to drink from the clear spring, as she used to do when a child, she dashed away the natural tears which hung upon her lids, clung awhile in the arms of her parents, embraced her sister, and took her cheerful presence from her childhood's home. And now, as we have separated the sisters, we will separate their stories.

The house to which Henry Fielding brought his young wife, was a great old-fashioned building, with a stone hall and broad staircase, and heavy mouldings; the huge doors showed the security and strength of its wood-work, and the thick, solid masonry promised a home for many generations of the Fielding family; it had been the ancestral homestead, and with each descendant the pride of family increased, and so also increased the beauty of the grounds and gardens around it. The smooth cut free stone showed taste, as well as wealth, had been bestowed upon every part of the stately mansion. The door-yard was filled with trees, very old, and evergreen, and beneath were immense bushes of boxwood, trimmed and fashioned in various shapes of urns, and cones, and baskets. To be sure, they were stiff enough to look at, but every thing was in keeping, and they were green even when the

hills were covered with snow, and Hetty called it her "Evergreen Home;" and, dear child, her own heart was just like it, for there was always a freshness and beauty about it, even when the cold winter of affliction came upon her. As years came and went, they brought their cares with them; a large family was springing up and filling the halls and shady walks with the voices of childhood; and happy as had been all her days as maiden and wife, the devoted mother thanked God daily that he had bestowed so much to make her path pleasant, but it is not sunshine alone which gives fragrance to the flowers or dew that moisteneth the earth; there were clouds in the horizon of this happy family, and they were the first that had even threatened its tranquility.

I have said it was a pride in the owner of Fielding Manor to retain its possession; but with the property was increasing incumbrances, and combined with a large family and generous living, the estates of the fine place were much involved, and it became necessary for great domestic economy; but a cheerful spirit ruled the hearth, and presided at the board, and what, if during the warm months, the cool and spacious bed-chambers were crowded with strangers, and nurses with other's children in their arms, plucked the gay flowers from the borders, Hetty would say: "It is so pleasant for the boy to have company, and so lively—that Emma (her eldest daughter) enjoys it so much, that we feel sorry when summer is gone; for all that are with us seems so much like our own, that the toil of serving them is nothing." And so like the sun she brightened everything she looked upon, and even labor was gilded by her smile. "So long as God gives us health, dear Henry, do not regard me; we are happier and rest better in the performance of our duty. These are small ills. See our children blooming and healthy around."

Thus she would cheer the drooping spirit of her husband in seasons of despondency, making light of those vexations which beset a large household and slender means.

Emma, the companion of her mother, and her ready assistant, partook of all the sweet amiabilities of her disposition; but a delicacy of health had followed her from childhood, and now the bloom upon her fair cheek looked "too bright to be good," her neighbors said. But with the buoyancy of youth and her natural sprightliness of temper, she would not grieve her kind parents by complainings; and although her couch was the scene of times of severe pains, and a slight low cough disturbed her rest, still there was but occasional anxiety felt for their beloved daughter, so well did her innocent deceit cover the "worm in the bud." But a few years

found the invalid growing frailer, and the comfortable chair was wheeled in the most inviting spots, and the brothers brought in delicacies to tempt the appetite. Yet still content and hope was ever written upon the countenance of the trustful mother; and when finally the chilly winds of autumn brought the invalid to sit in the bright sunny south parlor, it was a real delight to see the labor of love which showed itself in every thing—little vases of flowers were placed around, which Emma had arranged, and light fancy-work disposed of to the attentive friends who visited the sick girl, were a real source of pleasure to the gentle child. "For I am not a burden," she would say, "and I can help you yet, mother."

And so the winter passed; and when the daisies and violets came in her lap, and decked the little green banks above the garden wall, she laid her angel-head upon her mother's shoulder, and yielded her tender spirit to her Maker.

"Dear Emma's sickness was a great comfort to us," Hetty would say to her sympathizing friends for a great part of the time; "it was not heart sickness; and then, we saw all our friends so often, and they were so kind, and I always had her near me, and now I know that she is safe; and perhaps had she lived, she would have left us, and had care and anxiety to distress her."

Thus was she ever distilling sweets from bitter fruit; thus did she show the meekness of content and the humility of a true Christian. Not so with Susan, having at a late period in life connected herself with a person of estimable qualities, and settling upon one of the most desirable locations of the beautiful East River. She rendered those around so uncomfortable by repining of her lot, that her society was a burthen to all. Her husband was a man, as I have said, of estimable amiable qualities, and in selecting his second partner, he had hoped in Susan Layton to find a companion and friend who would fill up the vacancy left in his heart, by the death of a most beloved wife, at the same time giving to his young daughters a tender guardian for their future years. Alas, for his prospects! the beautiful path of his former life of pleasantness he soon discovered were laid waste by the spirit of discontent he had brought in their midst, the dear haunts, and scenes about his really picturesque home, the cool bowers and shaded walks, upon which he had bestowed so much labor, and felt so much pride, drew no feeling of admiration from his wife; and the home for which all his youth had been spent in toil to obtain, a "home in the country," was regarded by his companion as one very great drawback to her enjoyment. "She always had hoped to live in the city;

and now, from her connexion, it appeared that her destiny was fixed—she never had enjoyed the thing she desired; of course it was not to be looked for." And with murmurings such as these, she finally succeeded in rendering her husband's house so uncomfortable, that after a few years of their marriage he consented to yield his wishes to her and return to the city, he had quitted with loathing, in the hope of procuring the domestic comfort of a cheerful helpmate and a smile to greet him by his hearth.

But when did ever change of circumstance minister to a mind *so diseased*. The malady had grown with the victim from childhood, and years had strengthened it; and now no remedy could be found to apply to the full grown incubus. A stranger to have entered in the beautifully appointed drawing-rooms, all tastefully decorated with draperies and delicate specimens of art, would be led to the belief that the drop-curtain held no picture behind the scenes to mar the comfort apparently showing itself in all things.

But as each heart knoweth its own bitterness, so Richard Lewis knew the cloud upon his doorway would never brighten; no domestic sunshine would gladden the future. And his girls, who were fast approaching those years which need the fostering of tender guidance to direct them through the mazes of youth, received no gentle influences from her, who had assumed the responsibility of a kind director. And thus her life passed on, unloved and unloving, she shed no joy, and gave no comfort; those who had trustfully reposed in the promises of hope, found them like the apples of the Dead Sea, filled with the ashes of deception.

And now, in her impoverished discontent, we will return to Hetty, who moved still in the ornament of a quiet spirit the centre of the orbit, her home. And although fortune had again (as the world would say) frowned more fiercely upon the family of love, yet "why need we mourn over a few acres gone?"

"My husband," she cheerfully replied, to a groan which involuntarily burst from Henry Fielding's full heart, as the ancestral halls of his fathers receded from his lingering gaze—"have we not the world before us, and our growing family to prop us, as our shadows lengthen; and besides, we have health and strength, and brave hearts with us, to take to the luxuriant west; and these are all we need, they tell us." And thus, with a woman's soul and woman's courage, she cheered the drooping partner whom she had so faithfully served and loved, through good report and evil report, through the passes of better and worse, richer and poorer; and she never saw her "greenwood home," nor the stately boxwood urns, nor the grave of her dear

child beyond the garden walls again; and when she wrote to her friends she would say: "But we have found another greenwood, and the trees we used to think so grand, are children compared to the venerable forest ones which shade our cottage, and we are so happy; we have seen so much of the beautiful world by leaving the little one I had always lived in; and then the flowers—everything is a garden here; and the little borders about us are bright with those I brought with me, and they grow so much gayer in this rich soil; and our boys are all about us, too, and

we live like monarchs in our new kingdom, and we have most loving subjects. If we had dear Emma with us, just to look through the long, long dark woods, and to see the boys with their wives and little ones about them, and to hear the birds singing just as gay as she was herself, sweet child!

And so, from the day she was first rocked in her cradle until the last when the flower parted and fell in upon her narrow resting-place—was the life of Hetty a continual feast, and her memory was blessed to those who had lived in her smiles.

THE DESERTS OF THE EAST.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

THEY stretch beneath the burning sun
Vast waves of dreary, unthrift sand;
Forlorn, as though for evil done
They were of Justice, blighted, banned.

Across those wilds the caravan
Moves slowly on its toilsome way,
And weary beast, and fainting man,
Droop in the scorching light of day.

The pulse of life beats feebly there,
Seems dying in the sun's fierce glow:
The palm-trees and the fountains wear
Alone, proud Beauty's pomp and show.

And few the fountains welling up;
No woodland birds build there the nest—
No wild flowers bloom; the brazen sky
Maintains alone its majesty;
Enchained it holds the boundless sea
Of burning air, close to its breast.

* * * * *

A soul hath proved as sad a waste
Beneath the world's fierce blaze and blight:
A spirit o'er its sands has paced,
But vainly watched and prayed for night!

For long the withering sunbeams fell,
And dew and silence were delayed—
The spirit drooped—and died! a pall
My hand above the dead has laid.

The dead, dead Hope! I strove to bring
One flower to deck its fair young form.
Alas! the Simoon sped to fling
Its sand above the heaven-born!

I cannot weep above *that* couch,
I may not waste my tears on sand;
But I will guard my dead—no touch
Shall rest on thee, of human hand!

Thou wert so frail, sweet friend, yet stayed,
When all had fled I chiefly prized,
My heart's long silence hath betrayed
How *thou* wast loved—how idolized.

Oh, we *must* meet again, dear friend!
We are not mortal, you and I!
But wilt thou know me when on high
I shall forget to weep and sigh?
And wilt thou *then* be mine, sweet friend?
Thou wilt not answer! thou *art* dead!
Alas! and I have idly plead!

THE ROSE-SPRAY.

BY SAHAL-BEN-HAROUN.

In gay parterre as Love one day,
Basking beneath a rose-tree lay,
Fann'd by the zephyrs blowing,
His eye one cluster quickly caught
With balmiest odors richly fraught,
Three buds on one spray growing.

Now, sweets, I mark ye for my prize,
Nor shall ye be for other eyes,
Till I each name bestow!

The first I'll call "bright Juno's eye,"
Next "Wit," then "Innocence"—and I
O'er all will beauty throw.

Now, tell me, sweet ones, bright and fair,
(In truthful parlance—E. A. R.)
Is aught to offer—say?
If Beauty, Wit, and Innocence
Are not the heart's sufficiency,
Then take *my heart*, I pray.

THE BIBLIOPHILIST.

No. II.

BY SAHAL-BEN-HAROUN.

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

"Gems, and Light, and Flowers."

IN the early constitution of society, those arts and employments which are most essential in their power of sustaining human life, were alone considered by the people; when, however, in the progress of time, these pursuits became sufficiently occupied, or were pursued by as many persons as could live by them, those who were excluded by this priority from a like participation, conceived the idea of rendering the relaxations of the industrious subservient to their maintenance and support.

Thus thrown upon their own resources, and impelled by a stern necessity to the seeking of other occupation as the means of their subsistence, the more intelligent or inventive would, in their efforts for this purpose, readily avail themselves of such means as were best adapted to their wants, and by falling back upon that peculiar faculty of imitation, which is so distinguishing a trait in the human character, a medium would be afforded for exhibiting to the observation and amusement of their company or audience, the representation—by voice, gesture, or action—of some particular shade or feature in the persons or habits of a family, or neighborhood.

These representative particularities, still further extended by the additional incidents and circumstances of the day, would constitute a general fund of entertainment, and a ready medium for the wit or satirical propensities of the exhibitor, who—alas for human nature—would never lack an audience, the curious amongst whom would attend to learn what personalities could be elicited, and the ill-natured to participate in the discomfort of their "amiable, yet erring friends!"

It is to this necessity of an early age, we may venture to ascribe the first efforts of a drama, not founded on the religious ceremonies of a people, of which class, among all the nations whose history has been investigated, China is the only one in which an early connection of the drama with religious observances cannot be traced.

This may be regarded as a remarkable feature in the history of this singular people, among whom dramatic representation has formed one of their most popular amusements, and a theatrical literature been fostered and encouraged from a very remote period.

We have not space to enlarge particularly on the cause of this general estimation of representative amusements among nations in almost every part of the world, having already noticed it as being principally ascribable to the instinctive capacity of mankind for imitation, a characteristic perceptible, in a greater or less degree, in every member of the human family.

As a passing illustration we may, however, be permitted to observe, that we naturally imitate the tones and gestures of others in reciting their descriptions or adventures, and even in adopting their sentiments; and no greater philosophical truth was ever penned than in those lines of our glorious Shakspeare:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women—players."

Indeed, the greatest efforts of our imagination, ere we seize them in their flitting progress, but the shadowings of a *mental drama*, embellished with the "scenery and decorations" of a teeming brain!

From the studied care and cultivation which dramatic literature has experienced amongst the Chinese, it will be found, on examination, to embrace perhaps a wider range of subjects than that of any other early nation, that of the Hindoo people alone excepted.

The inquiry might be productive of much interest, in ascertaining by what process a people so entirely secluded as are those of China, could have attained to the perfection of a drama of such extension and diversity, and abounding in the most acute and masterly touches of human character.

We must, however, content ourselves by ascribing to the general features of an inherent principle, those powers and capacities which are contained in the elements of mind and perception, which an unsparing hand has distributed over the whole human family.

Enriched by the accumulation of character, and the subtle genius of a most reflective people, the Chinese drama may be considered as comprising both tragic and historical composition, the tragi-comedy, and comedies more particularly illustrating the political and social condition of the people; to which may be added an abundance of those low, but significant pantomimic and farcical representations, which

as a popular medium for the exhibition of political satire, may be regarded as especially constituting the drama of the inferior or less educated classes of the population.

Notwithstanding the great progress which the literary department of the Chinese drama has achieved, and the splendor of the costumes with which the actors are adorned, singular to relate, the stage derives but little effect from the aid of scenery. In this deficiency it may be considered as nearly at the same point at which Eschylus left that of the Athenians.—He, it will be remembered, invented a decent mask and robes to beautify his actors; the face-painting among the Chinese performers corresponds with the masks of Eschylus, and is employed by them for the same purpose—that of exciting the laughter of the audience.

A large picture, or piece of embroidery, at the back of the stage, representing subjects of gayety and pleasure, is all that is offered in the shape of scenery. That which is actually scenic is of a symbolic character, and such as a stranger would not understand without explanation, or frequent and close attention to the subject and characters before him. His imagination, also, will be repeatedly called on to fill up by the aid of association, the outlines of the different incidents intended to be represented.

If a journey or a military expedition is set down as the "business of the scene," the attention of the spectator is directed to the actor, who enters in appropriate costume, and amid a deafening crash of gongs, drums, &c., posts across the stage, holding a small cane or whip in his hand, which, with a corresponding action of the leg, as if mounting into his saddle, must be considered by his audience as figurative of his preparation for an equestrian progress.

When he is supposed to be approaching the termination of his journey, or his arrival at a distant city, two of the actors hold up a piece of matting, or a curtain, which the imagination of the spectators is called on to recognize as the ramparts of the town, and the small aperture in the same as the gates of the city.

In his marchings about the stage he stops every now and then, informing his audience of the progress he has made, and the adventures he has met with, or encountering other travellers on the road, they exchange salutations, giving and receiving the news of the day, the distance from the next town, &c.

Sometimes in his journey he finds himself on the banks of a river, when the spectators are informed of his intention to avail himself of the convenience of a boat; here his action is perfectly descriptive; he treads a few steps cautiously, and with an oscillating motion of the body, then stooping down he begins pull-

ing at an imaginary oar, the audience being now expected to consider him as exposed to the dangers of navigation, and the perils of the sea.

In the progress of a love scene, the contrivances are equally indebted to the imagination. The Romeo of the piece by climbing over the high back of a chair, is supposed to scale the walls of of the garden in which the forbidden object of his affections is confined; or the lady by reversing the same, is enabled from the imaginary eminence, to reward by her appearance, the courage and devotion of her admirer.

The same expedients are resorted to by the manager, when he is desirous of representing the occurrences and incidents of the celestial regions, or where *Lui-Shin*,* the Chinese Jupiter, holds imperial sway.

With us in an emergency of this nature, the genius of the poet would be consulted, and the united talents of the artist and machinist summoned as indispensably necessary for the accomplishment of the effect desired, and flourishing announcements would be exhibited to the expectant public, of the outlay incurred—"regardless of all expense"—for the production of a spectacle "worthy the taste and discrimination of an enlightened audience!"

Not so with a "Crummles" of the celestial nation. Prudent from habit, and strictly economical in his business operations, all expenses beyond an absolute necessity are studiously restrained.

So far from involving or "exhausting the resources" of his financial treasury, the manager simply mounts his deities upon a bench for their Olympus, and leaves the "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capt towers" to the imagination of his audience; the dialogue and costume being, in his estimation, sufficiently compensative for any infractions on the dignity and decorum, which immortals are supposed to maintain.

From the simplicity of such an arrangement as this, we may safely conclude that the necessity for, what in the appliances of modern theatres are technically termed "carpenter-scenes," does not exist.

The platform which serves the performers

* *Lui-Shin*, the Jupiter of the Chinese mythology, is also the God of Thunder. He is represented as a winged deity, involved in clouds, and encircled by a number of kettle drums. In one hand he grasps a thunderbolt, while the other holds a truncheon which he employs in producing the reverberating thunder from his drums. He has long and frightful ears, piercing eyes, and a nose like the beak of an eagle, while his legs are terminated by the claws of that bird. The whole appearance of "The Thunderer" may be regarded as a figurative representation of the tremendous power of the electric fluid.

for exhibition, is only of moderate length and breadth, it is a matter of much surprise to strangers, who are accustomed to witness the magnificence of an extensive and ample stage, how so many persons can manage to move to and fro, group and intersect each other, and display their activity in combat, with so little inconvenience.

The space at the back of the stage is equally confined, and generally appropriated to the reception of the chests in which the costumes and professional ornaments are preserved.

The Chinese being naturally of a social disposition, do not feel the necessity for that comfortable space, which foreigners enjoy in their more ample houses and apartments. They are also neat in their general habits, and the most splendid robes and costume are by this economizing care, kept in perfect order amidst a multitude of inconveniences, which, to a people less disposed to accommodation than themselves, would be productive of an endless confusion, if not entire destruction.

The stage, it may be observed, is occasionally sprinkled with water to allay the dust, which might otherwise injure the dresses, and a mat is laid down when it is necessary that the actor should kneel, or observe a recumbent position.

The costumes employed by the Chinese performers, have been the admiration of all travellers for the unusual degree of elegance and splendor which they exhibit. Vestments of the richest colors and material, are generally to be found in the wardrobes of the different companies. These dresses are frequently enriched with the most exquisite embroidery in gold and colors, and, in the better sort of theatres, they are the objects of general attraction.

As illustrative of the consideration which this branch of their profession obtains, it is stated that when a Chinaman is desirous of engaging the company of his friends—native or foreign—at an exhibition of this nature, he never omits calling their attention to the beauty and variety of the dresses in the wardrobe of the company he is desirous of patronising.

It is not a little singular—the great partiality of the Chinese for theatrical entertainments considered—that stationary theatres are not customary among them, excepting in the imperial city of Peking. The companies are therefore under the necessity of travelling from one province to another, residing in each so long as their performances conduce to their profit, by the continued attraction of full and “overflowing houses.”

The construction of their theatres, which, in Canton, are generally designated by the

title of *Sing-Songs*, consists of bamboo matting, with which, in a few hours, they will cover in a very large space.

The situation chosen for the erection of these *sing-songs*, or play-houses, is generally in some of the open places in front of their temples. The form is quadrangular, and in some respects greatly resembles those in the early period of the English drama, when plays were acted in the yards of the different hostleries and carriers' inns, the galleries of which were so conveniently adapted for the accommodation of the better classes of spectators.

In the Chinese theatres, the same distribution is exhibited, the stage and property-room occupying the farthest portion of the quadrangle, while the others are filled up by galleries, the pit, as we term it, being left open for the gratuitous admission of the common people.

The two lateral galleries are occupied by male spectators, who pay for their seats, or, making interest with the manager, enjoy the privilege of the “free list.” The gallery fronting the stage, sometimes fitted up with screens, is reserved exclusively for ladies, who, from their general attendance, appear to have as much enjoyment from the pieces represented as the “pittites,” or their neighbors in the “side-boxes.”

This arrangement of galleries is more particularly belonging to the stationary theatres, many of the *sing-songs* being entirely free to the whole population, the companies depending on the liberality of the spectators to recompense them for the amusement afforded.

Although it might be supposed, from an assemblage composed of such heterogeneous characters as those which constitute the generality of these free audiences, that confusion and disturbance would result, such is not the case, and the accommodating spirit and admirable patience observed by these spectators is particularly worthy of notice, as they watch the progress of the performance with the most intense anxiety and delight.

It is true, a sort of extemporaneous police is always in attendance, who, with their long bamboos,* serve to keep in check any discord within, and to correct the curiosity of the boys and dissolute lads in their attempts to gain the roof of the theatre, for the purpose of obtaining a better view of the performances.

The plays in China generally begin early in the afternoon, and sometimes continue till very late in the evening. Between the pieces jugglers perform, or tumbling and feats of agility are exhibited while the actors are taking their recess.

* These official emblems of authority are called by the British sailors “Penang lawyers!”

The opening scenes are usually descriptive of some intended battle, in which the courage of the expectant conquerors is commensurate with the pusillanimity or defiance of the enemy.

The performers strut, swagger, and gesticulate, with the most unbounded license; standards are elevated, swords drawn, and spears and battle axes brandished, with a ferocity and determination proportionate to the malignity and overwhelming numbers of the rival army. The courage of the party supposed to be preparing for this fearful onslaught, is stimulated by the invigorating, though deafening accompaniments of gongs, drums, and other instruments of warlike music. When, however, the spectators have been sufficiently dazzled with the storms of intended battle, things begin to assume a more pacific appearance, and the acting, in the proper and dramatic sense of the term, commences.

From the difficulty which foreigners labor under in wanting an acquaintance with the language, it has been the too frequent practice with travellers, to represent the power and abilities of the Chinese actors as consisting of gross or unintelligible caricature. This is, however, by no means correct, as regards the better class of performers, many of whom have been devoted to the profession from their childhood, and their voices, forms, and features modulated, nourished, and adapted expressly for the purposes of the drama.

The talents of an educated actor are therefore particularly fitted for the characters he is desirous of portraying. If the personage to be exhibited is that of an emperor, he is not merely outwardly distinguished by the exuberance of yellow, as the imperial color of his robes, paraphernalia and adornments, but a tranquil deportment and a majestic placidity is thrown around him; while a melancholy shade of visage is invariably maintained, as the outward picture of the deep anxiety he feels for his people and their general interests.

As it is also supposed in China, and with much propriety, that an accomplished nobleman, or a man of handsome and prepossessing exterior, should not be guilty of an unseemly act, the performer possessing the greatest personal advantages is generally selected for the imperial or princely representative.

The exactitude, therefore, with which this deportment is observed by the actor in his portraiture of actual life, distinctly places the educated classes of performers in a very advanced rank of the national drama. This strict but faithful observance of the manners and habits of the higher classes of society, is invariably exhibited whenever the performance is intended to depict the nobility or princes of the land.

It is true, that as a set-off to this reserve and dignity, another species of character is generally introduced in the same piece; and, for the very purpose of reversing the reason why virtuous actions should assimilate with a handsome countenance and personal appearance; this mime, or *Chow*,* as he is named, and who is intended as the exhibitant of worthless or absurd actions, is always represented with a visage disfigured, and invariably plastered with white paint.

The motive for introducing this character is obviously to excite mirth among the spectators by his foolish and ridiculous bombast, under the guise and assumption of a fictitious or satirical wisdom and address.

The perplexity occasioned by this buffoon is ludicrously embarrassing, for from his supposed connection with some noble family or lineage, he continually appears in the most dignified assemblies, where he sets all punctilio and decorum at defiance, by the extravagance and absurdity of his language and behavior.

If the business of the scene is the family celebration of honors to the departed, *Chow* is seen surrounded by the relatives in every attitude of grief and wo, from which however he distracts the attention of the audience, by pouring out his proportion of sorrow in a loud and hideous howl, or suddenly committing some act so preposterously ridiculous, that all the regrets of the mourners can scarcely keep them from joining in the general shouts of laughter.

From the great latitude allowed to this character, it may be correctly supposed that it is one in general favor with the audience, in fact, the low comedian of the company, on which they place great reliance for the stability and permanence of their theatrical reputation.

The female characters are invariably represented by boys and very young men, it being contrary to all ideas of Chinese propriety for a woman to appear as a theatrical exhibitant.

The origin of the Chinese drama is ascribed to an emperor of the Tang dynasty, who flourished in the eighth century. It was then designated "The Tradition of Wonders," afterwards "Plays and Songs," and in a still later period "Original Miscellaneous Comedies of the Palace."

The principal dramatic collection now in use is that of *Yuen jin pih chung*, "The Hundred Plays of the Yuen dynasty," in forty-two volumes, octavo. Many of the pieces in this collection are set to music.

* This word in English signifies *knob*, or *knot*, and may be considered as expressive of the cross-grained and perverse obstinacy of the character represented.

The best performers are those from Nankin, who sometimes receive considerable sums for exhibiting at the private entertainments of the mandarins, and wealthy persons. On such occasions a list of plays is handed to the most distinguished guest, who selects that which best accords with his taste and fancy.

These private entertainments are never considered complete without an exhibition of this nature; many of the principal inns, and all the private wealthy establishments, having a room or hall expressly devoted to this purpose.

Of the estimation in which the drama is held, as a vehicle for popular amusement, we may state, that the sums expended on them in one year at Macao, which is the residence of but very few wealthy Chinese, amounted to nearly *seven thousand dollars*.

On some particular occasions, the mandarins of a district club together for the necessary funds, and a company is engaged for the gratuitous amusement of the whole population.

In these performances, the Chinese are particularly expert in exhibiting the subtleties and manœuvres of craft and rascality, from the polished finesse of court intrigue, provocative of rebellion, to the petty trickery of some low shuffling knave who swindles a poor hungry fellow out of his dinner.

Human nature being in its essential features invariably the same, the vices which so frequently appear in society, will, as may be expected, find some occasional outlet, and many

of the dramatic pieces of the Chinese, are, it is true, sadly disgraced by very abominable language and descriptions; but, as a general principle, the exaltation of morality by the Chinese stage decidedly merits some encomium.

The female character, it must be observed, is most frequently represented under aspects that would do credit to the virtue of any people. To trifle or make light of the marriage obligation, is also a practice wholly alien to the feelings of a Chinese, who is generally married, or in treaty for a wife; he is therefore particularly cautious in his application of this subject, lest the question might be brought nearer home than he would desire.

Temperance is another of the virtues greatly esteemed in China, so that no person of merit or distinction is ever represented as addicted to the practice of inebriety.

To the traveller and philosopher these representations are of the highest value, apart from any entertainment they may afford. The pastimes of a people, and especially of one whose avowed object in this particular department is the promotion of virtue, may be regarded as a key to the national character, political and social. For it is by analyzing the constituent portions of the whole, we are enabled to determine with accuracy the amount and relative value of the domestic usages, habits of thinking, and maxims of conduct, peculiar to a country and people.

AFFIANCED SALLY.

BY THE MUSE.

YE shops and boarding-houses round,
The street that's paved with boulder-stone,
Brisk be your trade, and firm your walls,
Your people never older grown!
There longest firemen linger round,
There first at night they rally,
For there I took the last farewell
Of my affianced Sally.

How swift the carriages went by,
How fast the folks were walking;
As out beside the gate with her
I stood that evening talking:
Time never went so fast to me
In Mississippi valley,
For just as dear as she could be,
Was my affianced Sally!

She told me that when I came back,
We'd meet no more to sever;
And promising to write to her,
I started down the river:
But, O! that man that kept a shop
Just over on the alley,
He rented long ago the house
That holds affianced Sally!

And scold, scold now, those rosy lips,
When never smiles are sporting,
And rough the hair she used to comb,
When there I went a courting;
But though I know my heart with hers
On earth can never tally,
I think the wife I've got is worse
Than my affianced Sally!



WORDSWORTH.

THE above portrait of the greatest of modern poets, and the oldest, we believe, of living bards, is from an admirable drawing by Miss Margaret Gillies, an English lady of considerable celebrity, who has had the happiness of painting the heads of many of the great humanitarians of the age. It is said by those who have recently seen the venerable poet to be the best likeness of him that has been published. It certainly bears a very great resemblance to the three-quarter portrait of him painted a few years since by the late and lamented Henry Inman, for Professor Reed of Pennsylvania College.

Wordsworth, we fear, is more talked about than read, as most of the great poets undoubtedly are; but he has, nevertheless, a very large class of readers in this country who have a devout feeling of love for him as an inspired teacher. His home in Cumberland is one of the first shrines at which American travellers pay their tribute of devout admiration on their arrival in England. We doubt if there be a man in Europe who has been visited by so great a number of travelling Americans as the Druid of Rydal Mount.

From the letters we have read from Americans in England, we are led to believe that the majority of them, the moment they get their trunks out of the Custom House, start off in a cab for the railroad station and procure tickets for the North, in pursuit of the author of Peter Bell.

The last published poem by Wordsworth, was a sonnet complaining of a railroad that had been opened near his residence. It was thought by some people to be rather inconsistent with the poet's love of his species that he should grumble at any improvement intended for the good of the people. But it is probable that the poet saw in the railroad only a new opening for an inundation of admirers, and felt like exclaiming with Pope:

"Tie up the knocker: say I'm sick—I'm dead."

Wordsworth, we believe, is the first author who has outlived the legal right to his own productions, and the possibility of such a case occurring again was one of the strong points made by Mr. Talfourd in his parliamentary speech in favor of allowing to authors the privilege, which all other men possess, of a perpetual right to their own property.

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.

No. I.

BY JULIAN HOOPER.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It has long been a theme of surprise and regret that some one familiarly acquainted with the ornithology of our country, has not deemed it expedient to furnish the public with a familiar treatise on this interesting subject; which would interest the general reader, by being exempt from those learned technicalities which none but the scientific can understand, and consequently debarring the youthful and uninitiated from entering this extensive field of study, which affords to its students so much pleasurable delight, healthful recreation, varied instruction, and innocent amusement.

Feeling persuaded as I do, that if the pages of "Nature's Book" were spread fairly open to all, it would engender a more healthful tone in the morals of our youth, "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and by so doing ought fully to repay us, independent of other benefits to be derived from this study.

But waiting patiently for this desideratum in vain, I, therefore, as a mere student of nature, will present to your notice a series of familiar sketches of our birds, hoping this feeble effort of mine will be a means of calling to the field others more experienced and learned to lead the way.

To Messrs. Bell and Lawrence, but more particularly to Capt. N. Pike am I indebted for the free use of their extensive cabinets of birds, which have always been at my service to refer to.

I have chosen the classification of Mr. W. Swainson as my guide, and will endeavor to simplify it as far as I can.

The advantages of the study of Nature.

How beautiful is the following exclamation in favor of the study of Nature, by James Thomson, in his "Seasons:"

"Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there:
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that, the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixed passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravished eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!

But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!"

Let us then call upon Nature to enrich us with a knowledge of her works.

I have oftentimes been asked, of what use is the study of natural history? What benefit do you derive from it? Do you not consider it a great waste of time? and many other inquiries of a similar character.

To such inquirers I would say, that we find that knowledge, the true source of man's happiness, consists either in the study of the works of the Creator, or in the emanation of the works of man. This position is so apparent that I presume none will attempt a refutation of it; if we admit this as a fixed principle, which of the two then is the most noble, which the most exalted, the works of the Creator, or the works of man? we must certainly reply, those of the Creator. To better illustrate it, I will divide the subject into three parts, viz:

1st. The advantages of the study of Nature in an intellectual and moral view. 2d. In a recreative view. 3d. In a pecuniary and commercial view.

Our first examination of the subject is the advantages of the study of Nature in an intellectual and moral estimate.

There are some persons who might travel from "Dan to Beersheba," and exclaim all is barrenness; yes, they will pass through our noble forests, sail along our almost numberless rivers, climb our steepest mountains, wander over our rolling prairies, rich in the profusion of countless flowers of every hue, and will never perceive a thing to admire, if it has not for its frontispiece the precious dollar, that too oft hath become their idol. The study of Nature is better fitted to increase our veneration of that unseen Power who has so wisely and beneficially provided each and every being with the means of life, and food for the sustenance thereof. What can more clearly illustrate this view of our subject, than an examination of the animal creation, the various tribes of which keep in check the too rapid increase of other tribes, thus preserving the beautiful harmony so apparent throughout Nature and sustaining an equilibrium in all

things, preventing one tribe from monopolizing that which ought to be distributed to all; here is a lesson for mankind! here a subject for his reflection, that would benefit him by his consideration.

If we look upon an intricate piece of mechanism, we are at once led to examine into the admirable adaption of its various parts, then to ascertain its inventor, for whom we entertain feelings of respect and admiration, for his display of genius. If such feelings are aroused from any production arising from the genius of man, what must be our thoughts of the Creator, in whose works perfection alone doth dwell, with what veneration must we contemplate him, with what thankfulness must we sing his praise.

"Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join: and, ardent, raise
One general song!"

THOMSON'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

The study of Nature is calculated to instill into our minds higher and more exalted ideas, to give to our youth lessons of worth especially in a moral sense, "to raise the thought and moralize the mind."

We will now examine the study of Nature as a means of recreation and amusement.

Mankind must have amusement, his mind must be instructed and amused; if it be only instructed, he becomes too abstracted; if he be only amused, and not instructed, he becomes too gay.

The study of the works of Nature afford not only instruction, but amusement; instruction the most rational and highly moral, and amusement enlivening, varied, healthful, and combining morality and pleasure, assimilating the two in a band of common union.

I have oftentimes been surprised to hear persons complain that they did not know what to amuse themselves with, their novel being finished. Did a student, or an admirer, or observer of Nature, ever make such a complaint? No! He can always amuse himself, he cannot walk beneath the blue canopy of Heaven, without observing something to admire, something to fix his thoughts upon; if he look upward, and reflect upon the vast space, the limitless firmament, or look around him on every hand, and be it where he may, he cannot help observing some of Creation's varied forms, that are diffused universally and profusely throughout the earth's expanse. If he ramble through the fields, the most delicate flower will not escape his observation, the gay-painted butterfly, the smallest flitting insect, the carol of the sweet songster, all these, and numberless others, form endless subjects of reflection, purifying the soul, invigorating the mind and body, and, in a word, improving the man. For my part, I cannot go out of a

summer's day, even though it be in our streets, but that some object of interest in nature meets my eye: and if I ramble in our fields, my mind is constantly fed by sights cheering and joyous! If I enter a clover-field—oh! what a sight presents itself; the sweet flower of this plant attracts myriads of insects to the spot, near us we see the richly marked butterfly (*Danaus Archippus*), extracting the nectar from the clover blossom, the beautiful *Papilio Asterias*, *Cynthia Cardui*, and *Cynthia Atlanta*, flitting gently over, all three very pretty butterflies, while on every hand are seen countless numbers of our common yellow butterfly, (*Colias Philodice*) and an endless number of bees, wasps, and other insects combining to enliven the scene. I could dwell on this portion of our subject for a length of time with profit, but our limits will not admit; we will therefore examine the third division of our subject, viz.:

The advantages of the study of natural history in a pecuniary and commercial view.

The advantages to be derived from the study in this relation, I admit, are not of so direct a character as the other two; although by an examination of their merits considerable pecuniary benefit may be derived from being well informed on the practical portion of this study. Without a question of doubt, if our merchants and others were better informed on this subject, much might be gained which is now lost. For instance, how many valuable drugs, hitherto unknown, would be brought into use, the qualities of many at present known, be more fully tested, and in this particular light alone our science would be made of great value.

How much do we owe to those botanists, who, by a free exercise of their zeal and love of science, have added so many valuable herbs, so many priceless medicines to our pharmacy. And what an extensive field is still left untouched, what vast discoveries will yet be made in botanical medicine, it is in fact in its infancy.

Again, look at the rapid progress of our silk manufactures, and how they might, and will still be improved and extended by a better knowledge of the various species of silk-spinning insects, the *Bombyces*, the products of many of which, would no doubt be applicable to the use of the manufacturer. The timber merchant also should be well informed on the various forest trees, which would greatly facilitate his trade. See to what perfection they have brought the gutta percha, the gum of one of the Brazilian trees; look at the numerous articles of wearing apparel now manufactured from this gum; also paper which will sustain a sharp and full impression from type, picture-frames, and all varieties of mouldings are made from this useful excrement of

a tree. Then the fur dealer, if he applied himself to the geographical distribution of fur-bearing animals, the seasons of the year when the fur is at its perfection, much might be gained in this particular. If miners, and all those who are continually endeavoring to discover new strata of coal, iron, lead, copper, gold, silver, &c., were to apply themselves to the study of geology, they would then be able, as soon as they examined a strata of rocks, to decide whether there was any hope of discovering any mineral production; we see instances continually of men expending large sums of money in the excavation of rocks and the formation of numerous subterranean caverns, when, if they had been acquainted with the principles of geology, they would have never engaged in such a fruitless search, but would have known at once, if the mineral was there existing.

But, in a pecuniary consideration, we have yet to review the most beneficial branch of our subject, viz.: the advantage of the study of natural history to the agriculturist. There is no occupation allotted to the employment of man wherein natural history is so useful, and in fact where it is so indispensable as in agriculture. Our farmers are constantly and continually complaining of the ravages which their crops sustain from the attacks of numerous tribes of insects, which oftentimes spread universal havoc amongst their crops. Their fruit trees are scourged by various curculionid beetles, or weevils, and ægeria, a family of clear winged sphingidæ; their wheat, rye, oats, barley, rice, tobacco, and in fact every article grown for his comfort and profit, all have their peculiar species of insects which destroy them. But as our province is birds, we must of necessity pass over those extensive ravages of insects, merely remarking how necessitous it is to the agriculturist to possess a good practical knowledge of natural history; for, by so doing, whole crops might be saved, that are now destroyed. The farmer, in his ignorance of natural history, kills oftentimes the very birds which protect him, devouring, as they do, the larva of so many destructive insects. There are many species of birds which feed chiefly on obnoxious and destructive insects, and sometimes will steal a little fruit; these are unsparingly destroyed, while they save a thousand times more in value by their extermination of annoying and voracious insects, than the consumption of a little fruit. All the birds embraced in the family of flycatchers, vireos, warblers, thrushes, woodpeckers, &c., should be encouraged and not destroyed, as they conduce much to keep in check the otherwise excess of insects. Having casually reviewed the importance of this study, we will now leave this branch of our subject, and enter on new ground.

The Organization of Birds.

Birds are warm-blooded, vertebrated animals, breathing by means of undivided lungs attached to their ribs, their respiration is double and complete. The heart has four cavities, viz.: the right and left ventricles and auricles. The mouth is furnished with a horny or ivory substance, called a bill. The tongue is fleshy and covered with numerous hard papillæ,* with which the bird is enabled to retain the food after it has entered the mouth. The body is clothed and protected by feathers. Birds are provided with two legs, some of which are constructed for running, walking, wading and swimming, others for grasping and perching. They are also provided with two wings, by which means they are enabled (generally speaking, there being a few exceptions) to seek their food and perform their migrations. The extremity of the corpus (body) is ornamented with a number of feathers, (varying considerably in their number) called a tail; this tail has another provision besides ornament—that of guiding the bird in its flights, in like manner as a vessel is guided by its helm.

Having glanced at the construction of birds, we will now proceed to examine into their general habits and economy.

INSTINCT.

Cuvier says, "that instinct depends on ideas not originating from sensation, but flowing immediately from the brain." This is a point as yet undecided; naturalists differ much in the definition of the term "instinct," many even confound it with reason. In my opinion, reason and instinct are two very different faculties: instinct is innate, it is an endowment, and not an acquirement; the whole animal kingdom possess a share of it: reason is an acquirement, and as soon as acquired, destroys the power of instinct; to illustrate this assertion, let us look at the native aboriginal Indian; here instinct prevails; see how definitely they are enabled to avoid poisonous plants by their faculty of smell; the civilized man is not so enabled to distinguish; no; his instinct has been destroyed, and he is provided with reason in its place. Birds being endowed with instinct claim our attention to this portion of our subject; we will proceed to review their instinctive faculties in order.

Faculties of Birds.

The faculties of birds are the same as those in other animals, which are well known to be five, viz.: seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling.

First, the faculty of seeing.—The faculty of seeing in birds is exemplified to its greatest

* Papillæ. These are protuberances occasioned by the expansion of the nerves.

extent in the diurnal birds of prey, the vulturidæ and falconidæ, while the strigidæ or owls, the last family of the raptores or birds of prey, are very deficient in their powers of sight, many of which are exclusively nocturnal in their habits, their sight not being of strength adequate to the light of day. The woodcock, *microptera americana*, although having the eyes so prominent, is yet of weak sight, being able to discern with greater facility at twilight than at any other time. The vulturidæ—vultures, some species, are able to discern their prey for miles. In the formation of the eye of birds there are many objects of interest, among which I would mention, that it is provided with a liquid similar to tears in the human eye.

Second, the faculty of hearing.—The interior construction of the ear of birds differs much from any other animal. The external prominences are wanting in almost all birds but the nocturnal species. Some naturalists have endeavored to show that the hearing of birds was of a very imperfect character; though since I think it has been satisfactorily proven that the faculty of hearing in birds is of a highly perfected nature; our inimitable mocker, *orpheus polyglottis*, is a familiar and striking example of this fact—the ease and nicety exhibited by this songster in his mimicry of the notes of other birds, illustrating the fact that he can distinguish with wondrous minuteness and exactness the difference and peculiarities of any sound which he hears.

Third, the faculty of tasting.—Many naturalists (among whom are Blumenbach) have asserted, and endeavored to maintain, that birds did not possess the faculty or sense of tasting. We must admit that the tongue of many birds is certainly ill-adapted for the exercise of this function, being in many cases composed of a horny substance, and apparently destitute of nerves or any minute fibrous links, which would convey the taste of food to their inner parts; but this structure of the tongue is not universal with birds, many having soft and fleshy tongues. Our insectivorous birds are an example of this fact; in this class we find numbers that feed on peculiar species of insect larva; and it is an authenticated fact that not a single bird will touch the larva of the *abraxus grossulariata*, the magpie or gooseberry moth of England. Some species of berry-eaters feed on peculiar berries, which other species, belonging to the same family, will not touch. It is pleasing to observe and note the food of different families of birds, we find the vulturidæ or vultures feeding on the most putrid and offensive carrion, some of the falconidæ or falcons confining themselves strictly to food which they destroy themselves; the strigidæ or owls feed on small birds, mice, and other animals; the cap-

rimulgidæ or night hawks feeding on insects which they capture during flight; the hirundinidæ or swallows living on insects which they also capture during flight; some species, however, of the swallows are berry-eaters; the fringillidæ or finches feeding on berries and seeds; the ampelidæ or fruit-eaters on fruit; the halcyonidæ or king-fishers on fish; the muscipalidæ or fly-catchers chiefly on small dipterous insects; the sylviadæ or warblers on small flying insects and minute larva on trees; the picidæ or woodpeckers on the larger larva of insects; and the extensive tribe of water-fowl feeding on various mollusca, worms, fish, &c. Various singular facts in regard to the food of birds are known, which show that some species feed sometimes on exactly opposite food to what is customary for them. Capt. Pike has kindly furnished me specimens of the American bank swallow—*hirundo riparia*—that he shot at Fort Hamilton, which, on dissection, contained numerous berries; this having been doubted in the first specimen, or, at least, considered as a matter of chance and not a habit of the bird, some twenty specimens were procured, all of which contained berries in their stomachs and not the slightest appearance of an insect; in our treatise on the bank swallow we will notice this subject more fully.

Fourth, the faculty of smelling.—Birds undoubtedly are highly endowed with this faculty; the woodcock—*microptera americana*—in damp and swampy locations procures its food by inserting its bill into the earth, and by means of its acute powers of smell discover their food. The vultures possess this faculty to a remarkable extent; also, the raven *corvus corax*. Some are equally deficient, as the common cormorant—*phalacrocorax carbo*—and the kingfisher—*alcedo halcyon*.

Fifth, the faculty of feeling.—In mankind, we find that the sense of feeling is chiefly communicated through the nerves of the hand; although the tongue, lips, and teeth, are of especial use in this particular, still the hand appears to be the medium of the sense of feeling. As we find that the power and faculty of feeling in mankind is more highly demonstrated in the hand, so do we also find that the nearer animals approach in their use of any limbs to hands, that the faculty of feeling is developed to a higher state than in other animals. The family of simias, (apes and monkeys) the castor, (beaver) the lemurs, the sciurus, (squirrels) the pteromys, (flying squirrels) the ursus, (bears) and the felis, (cats) all demonstrate this fact. In birds, the vulturidæ, (vultures) the falconidæ, (falcons) the strigidæ, (owls) the laniadæ, (shrikes) the ptyctolophæ, micoglossum, ptyctolophus, and calyptorhynchus, (4 genera of cockatoo) the psittacus, (true parrots) the psittacarus and palæornis,

(parrakeets) the nanodes and pereporus, (ground parrakeets) the macrocerus, (mack-aws) and numerous other genera might be mentioned; all of which prove that the faculty of feeling is chiefly seated in the hand, and that those birds which use their feet for grasping and holding, possess the sense of feeling more highly developed than any others. Birds are in many instances very susceptible of cold and changes of the weather; and we find that many, when at rest, roll themselves up like a ball, to protect themselves from the atmosphere; some in particular are careful to cover tarsi and feet.

We will now examine into the powers of locomotion in birds.

Locomotion of Birds.

The locomotive, or moving power of birds, (by which means they are enabled to move from place to place, to flee from danger, to seek for food, and to perform their migrations,) exhibits an admirable adaption of their several organizations for the performance of these various offices. The locomotion of all the animal kingdom consists in two distinct forms and adaptations; for we find that all animals either have the whole body constructed for the purpose of locomotion, or that some particular portion of the same is organized for this end. The locomotion of the higher order of animals is always performed by the use of limbs, which, however, never exceed four in number—in homo, (man) two are arms, and two legs; in the simiadae, (apes and monkeys) we find that these limbs are partially used as in man, and partially as in quadrupeds; in birds, two of the limbs are wings and two are legs: it is only in the lower forms of organized matter that more than four limbs exist; but then, in these cases, the organization is inferior in regard to locomotion, being, as we have before stated, distributed throughout the body.

The structure of birds, in view of motion, are embraced under the following uses:

1st. Walking, running, and wading; 2d. climbing; 3d. perching and grasping; 4th. flight; 5th. swimming.

Under these five heads, may be classed all the various powers of locomotion that birds are endowed with.

Power of walking, running, and wading.

—All birds (some of the swifts (cypselus) excepted,) have the power of walking to a greater or less extent. It is most perfectly exhibited in the rasorial, or game birds, all of which are eminently constructed for walking, few of them visiting trees. The water birds also afford us very numerous examples of highly perfected forms for walking, running, and wading. The fulica Americana, (Ameri-

can coot) the genus rallus, (rails) and many others of a like nature, have the power of walking exemplified to a great extent. In the raptorial series of birds, the habit of walking is but seldom illustrated to any extent, the vulturidae being the family of birds of this order most gifted with this property. In the incessorial, or perching series of birds, the alcedo, (king-fisher) merops, (bee-eater) buccaras, (hornbill) todos, (tody) motacilla, (Wag-tail) pipilo, (groundfinch) plectrophanes, (lark-buntings) sturnella, (meadow-starling) anthus, (pipit) sciurus, (wagtail-thrush) cinclus, (dipper) the nanodes and pereporus, (ground-parrakeets) these are the principal genera of incessorial birds which spend most of their time on the ground. In the rasorial series of birds, there are but few exceptions to the universal habit of walking, &c., on the ground. In the grallatorial series of birds, we find abundant forms eminently qualified for walking, running, and wading; there being in this interesting and extensive order but few exceptions to one general habit, that of moving on the ground, they seldom alight on trees. In the natatorial series of birds, we find but few that are enabled to walk with facility and ease on land, their province being the water. Of the extensive tribe of picidae, (woodpeckers) certhiadae, (creepers) sittinae, (nuthatch) trochilidae, (humming-birds) muscipapie, (fly-catchers) hirundinidae, (swallows) centurus, (parrakeet) and a large number of the rapacious tribe seldom visit the ground; many of the hirundinidae, (swallows) and the whole of the trochilidae (humming-birds) scarcely ever alight, except when night draws its veil over the face of day and darkness reigns supreme. There are a number of wading birds, that are very feeble and awkward walkers on land, but very active and quick in the water. As an example, I would mention the himantopus nigricollis, (black-necked stilt) a bird possessing extremely long and slender legs, very nimble and expert in wading, but on account of the weakness of its tibiae, and the absence of a hind-toe, is a very unsteady and poor walker on land; the phœnicopterus ruber, (American flamingo) although provided with such long legs and so good a wader, is nevertheless very awkward on the land. In conclusion, I will mention the bird gifted with the most perfect organization for walking or running—that is the struthio camellus, (bird-camel or ostrich.)*

The power of climbing.—The power of climbing in birds is restricted to a few forms, when we take into consideration the variety

* Called bird camel on account of the inhabitants of the country of the Niger, in Africa, using these birds for transportation similar to camels. They will carry a large and powerful negro, and run with him faster than the highest mettled steed.

and extent of all the other kinds of locomotion. It is seen in its greatest perfection in the following genera: picus, woodpeckers, apternus, three-toed woodpeckers, colaptes, golden-winged woodpeckers, asthenurus and malacophus, tropical American woodpeckers, the plectolopha and calyptorhynchus, Australian cockatoos, the plectolophus and microglossum, Asiatic cockatoos, the palæornis, ring parakeets, centurus, American parakeets, the macrocerus, mackaws, the certhia, dendrocolaptes, xiphorhynchus, dendroplex, anabates, sittasomus, lochmias, sclerurus, elimasteris and tichodroma all creepers; the preceding genera of birds comprise the chief of the scansorial or climbing series. Most of the climbers have a very useful provision to assist them in their movements, their tails being stiff and bristly at the end, which assists them greatly in climbing; the thorny points of the tail acting as a support and prop to the body. The families of cockatoos, parrots and parakeets are almost the only ones which use their beaks in climbing; this is almost universally the case in the birds belonging to these families.

The power of perching and grasping.—All the raptorial or rapacious order of birds are perchers and graspers; their feet are so formed that they assist them to seize and hold their prey; but it is in the true incessorial or perching birds that we find the habit of perching predominates; the sylviadæ, warblers, muscicapidæ, fly-catchers, vireoninæ, vireos, icterus, troopial, agelanius, blackbird, quisqualus, crow blackbird, corvus, crows, pica, magpies, garrulus, jays, coccyzus, cuckoos, and very many others, we might mention, are examples of perching-birds. Their home is in the boughs, where they constantly reside, only occasionally visiting the ground. The perching of birds is accomplished without the least effort on the part of the bird, for as soon as a bird alights on a twig or branch of a tree, the muscles of the leg immediately contract and draw down the claws close to the branch, which secures the bird in a safely balanced position, where they are enabled to sleep without the slightest inconvenience or effort to them.

The power of flight.—The celebrated Harvey, as far back as the year 1651, in his work, entitled "De Generatione Animal, p. 4, 4to,

London, 1651," made known to the scientific world the reason of the buoyancy of birds, and the ease by which they fly from place to place. He says that there are numerous air-cells throughout the various parts of their bodies, particularly in the region of the chest. These cells are divided by partitions, furnished with muscular fibres, supposed to be employed to send the air back to the lungs; this, Professor Rennie says, is undoubtedly the reason why birds appear to pant so much in breathing. "Camper" has shown that all the bones of birds which are void of marrow (at least in the middle) are provided with air-cells which communicate to the lungs. In young birds the air-bones are stated to be filled with marrow, which becomes gradually absorbed to make room for the admission of air. We find also that the bones are not alone filled with air-cells, but also the quills of the feathers, and still further, the plumelets contain minute aerial passages. In their flight birds are chiefly guided by their tail acting as a helm. Almost all birds are capable of flight, to a greater or less extent; some are particularly powerful in this respect. See the aquila, (eagles) the falconidæ, (falcons) the hirundinidæ, (swallows) caprimulgidæ, (night hawks) the sterna, (tern) the phaëton, (tropic bird) the larus, (gull) the tachypetes, (frigate pelican, and the thalassidroma, (petrel) and many others possess the powers of flight developed to their greatest extent. Many are enabled to sail, almost motionless, through the air, as the eagles and hawks; most birds have a flight peculiar to themselves, and an experienced observer is thereby enabled to know a bird high in the air and at a considerable distance from him; so observant is the great ornithologist, Mr. J. J. Audubon, that he is now able to positively determine any of our hawks during their flight, being only guided in this decision by their peculiarities of flying.

The power of swimming.—The power of swimming is confined to a single order, the natatores, all of which are capable of swimming, having their feet webbed. Some of the swimmers seldom leave the water, almost their whole lives being spent in this element; they move through the water, in most cases, with great ease and grace, but when they attempt to walk on land, have a very awkward and clumsy appearance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



S U F F E R I N G .

BY W. H. DIETZ.

From every human heart we hear
The saddening wail of woe ;
In mournful tones upon the ear,
Its echoes come and go.

Deep suffering will not be thrust
Aside from us at will ;
But ever clings to this frail dust,
To work our good or ill.

Through every fibre of our frames,
It finds a path to come,
And in our nature ever claims
Its right to be at home.

Where dwells the heart that does not rove,
Through paths of bitter grief,
Or feel the pangs of dying love,
That may not find relief.

To youthful hearts the future seems
All radiant and bright,
And through their visions and their dreams,
Stream rays of heavenly light.

With sorrows which they do not feel,
They may not sympathize,
Nor dream the future will reveal
More dark or gloomy skies.

But soon with sad, dejected face,
And hasty step, comes on,
Stern Disappointment, and the trace
Of promised joys is gone ;

By friendship's trust so oft betrayed,
By piques from wounded pride,
And broken vows of love, decayed,
'Neath Time's oblivious tide.

Solemn events break sternly in,
Upon that bright career
Of promised bliss they thought to win,
With no foreboding fear.

While sad bereavements bring the thought
Of Life's uncertain state,
To shroud us in a gloom all fraught
With dread events of fate.

In deep dejection then we feel
How futile and how vain
Are all our toils, in which we kneel
To wealth or power and fame.

Our self-sufficiency and pride
Are humbled in the dust,
When happiness will not abide,
With vain and worldly lust.

Our deep desires for human love,
Are never all supplied ;
And perfect sympathy, above
Most joys, must be denied.

That unappeased thirst for joy,
Is never quenched by earth ;
Such perfect peace without alloy,
Must have a higher birth.

Such suffering we all must feel
Was not decreed in vain ;
And compensation's laws reveal
Some use in every pain.

'Tis not the fitful cloud that sweeps
O'er skies serene and bright,
But every human life it steepes
In shadows, born of light.

It dwells within the Poet's heart,
His utterance to claim,
In thrilling tones, that shall impart
To him undying fame.

The Orator's most mighty themes,
Are from this source supplied ;
And Fiction's sad, enchanting dreams,
Arise on suffering's tide.

Its direst, saddest strain of woes,
The Tragic Muse must claim,
When burst Remorse's hell-born throes
From Crime's consuming flame.

The Martyr's soul soars to the skies,
By Faith's deep trust in God,
In triumph, as his body dies,
Beneath Oppression's rod.

Through toils and sorrows, woes and pain,
With fears and anguish rife,
The faithful soul strives not in vain,
But finds its highest life.

A life in Him who bore the cross,
Who died that we might live,
And taught that sufferings are no loss,
If inward Peace they give.

New York, 1849.



HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The King of the Hurons. By the author of the first of the Knickerbockers. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

As the historical novel is a prose epic, success in this department of literary labor can be secured only by the highest order of genius. There are scores of successful historical writers where there is but one successful novelist; yet there are hundreds of writers who attempt the novel where there is one that attempts history. We can boast of but one Cooper, but we have dozens of historians of nearly equal merit. It is no disparagement of the talents of the author of the *King of the Hurons* to say that the historical novel is beyond his reach, while we cheerfully admit that he gives evidence of ability for historical compositions much greater than that possessed by many of the popular authors of the day. It is unfortunate for him that he should neglect a field in which he might labor to his advantage and the benefit of the public, and waste his time in ambitious attempts to produce works beyond his powers. The *King of the Hurons* is by no means a dull book, and is very far from being a failure if the sole aim of the author was to be read once. But what author would be satisfied with being once read, who has felt the ambition of authorship? A book that cannot be read a second time with pleasure is not worth reading at all; it is like a song that will not bear repeating; a picture that satisfies the spectator at the first glance; a road that you cannot travel over twice, or a man whose first conversation gives you no desire for further acquaintance.

The *King of the Hurons* is Cooperish in both its defects and excellencies, but it is lacking in the individualism that gives to the romances of the Leather Stocking and Red Rover school their peculiar charm. The plot of the tale is extremely simple and inartistic, and the denouement is managed with as much awkwardness as the opening. The middle part of the story is narrated with skill, and the incidents, bating a few gross solecisms and improbabilities, are highly exciting and powerfully depicted.

The time of the story is the reign of Queen Anne and during the governorship of Lord Cornbury, one of the most picturesque and romantic periods of our colonial history. The personages are Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Indians, Negroes and Englishmen; a sufficient variety for picturesque purposes; but as passion is the main ingredient of a novel, the accidents of birth are of little account in the personages introduced. As they must, of necessity, all speak one language, it matters not what their vernacular tongue may be.

The *King of the Hurons* is not an Indian chief,

but a French nobleman, the Baron Montaigne, who has built himself a castle at the outlet of Lake Champlain and married a squaw. "It was during a violent storm in the spring of 1708, that a French brig of war, seriously crippled, was discovered in the bay of New York, showing signals of distress, and approaching, with indirect course, to the harbor." Thus the tale begins, and as we read on the author displays such entire ignorance of brigs of war, and of all other sea going craft that we wonder at his hardihood in venturing on board of one. This crippled brig that approaches the harbor of New York with indirect course, is freighted with the principal personages of the story who are the Baron Montaigne, his daughter Blanche, her cousin Emily and a supe called Father Ledra. The brig was bound from Havre to Quebec, but, any port in a storm, and it being stormy the captain has concluded to put into New York, although it is the port of an enemy, and he is sure of being made prisoner. The baron, to escape being made a prisoner by Lord Cornbury, dresses himself like a common sailor, and assumes the name of Jack Beans! Rather an odd name for a Frenchman it strikes us, but if he preferred it, it is no business of ours. When the brig neared the city, Lord Cornbury went off to her, accompanied by an attorney, in a small boat, to see what the stranger wanted. As it happened to be "during a violent storm," we cannot but admire the heroism of his lordship, for if we had been in his place we would have been very likely to send a deputy. But off went the governor and the attorney, and boarded the brig, leaving the small boat alongside. Now the Baron Montaigne was a tall, portly personage, and as he had not taken the precaution to hide the ruffles of his shirt sleeves, the attorney detected him at once, whereupon the "lord baron" leaps over the side of the brig into the small boat alongside, accompanied by two of the crew; but the little attorney leaps after them and cries out, "an escape, an escape." The baron grasps the legal gent in his arms, while the sailors cast off the painter, and seizing the sculls pull over to the Jersey shore, where they land his lordship in safety, notwithstanding that boats are sent in pursuit of him from the shore. The next we hear of the baron he is at his castle in Canada, but how he ever got there we are not told. His daughter and niece, with Father Ledra, remain behind. Blanche, the daughter, is an uncommonly beautiful creature, with a habit of swooning when any thing happens to her, that must have rendered her a most uncomfortable companion, although it does not prevent everybody from falling in love with her the moment they set eyes upon her. Her cousin Emily is quite

a different sort of person; "in the main a good-natured girl, and the possessor of some cleverness obscured by self-conceit." Among the rest of the men who fall in love with Blanche is a Major Grover, a dissolute companion of Lord Cornbury's, who resorts to a very foolish scheme for obtaining a return of his passion. He attempts to abduct Miss Montaigne, but carries off an African wench instead, and never discovers his mistake until the author permits him to do so. Blanche herself is mistaken for the negro wench, and is carried off in an opposite direction, where she falls in love with the real hero of the tale, and has a great number of swoonings. These incidents occupy a good deal of space in the description, and are in the very feeblest and awkwardest style of fifth rate novels. Nothing could be worse of the kind, more unnatural, improbable, puerile, or commonplace. In course of time a poltroon of a Frenchman, called Count Carlton, a common creature enough in the Professor Ingham school of romances, but an impossibility in real life, is sent with an escort of Indians to take Blanche and her cousin to Castle Montaigne. The count's reward is to be the hand of Blanche. But Blanche previously falls in love with a young Knickerbocker, named Henrich, who accompanies the party to Castle Montaigne, and, in the disguise of an Indian, saves them all from destruction.—When they arrive at the castle, the baron, who hates his daughter, tries to compel her to marry the count, and condemns Henrich to be shot for his audacity in loving her. Henrich escapes, however, by means of Blanche, who enacts the part of Pocahontas, and meets a party of Englishmen on their way to attack Castle Moutaigne, under the command of Major Bain. The attack is successful, the baron is killed, the count is burned in the conflagration of the castle, Henrich and Blanche marry and go back to New York, and so the tale is at an end.

This is a brief outline of the story, but there are a good many episodes which have a bearing in the development of the plot. The description of the flight of Blanche from New York to Castle Montaigne is narrated with great spirit, and displays the powers of the author to better advantage than any other part of the work; some of the scenic descriptions evince a genuine love of nature, and, as a matter of course, a close habit of observation. There is no forced attempt at humor, which disfigures nearly every book that issues from the English and American pen in these days of affected persiflage, but there are many little gleams of quiet sarcasm which now and then enliven the sober narrative. The personages are all of the stereotyped character with which readers of historical romances are as familiar as with the members of their own household. The author's forte is certainly not the development of human character, nor in the

invention of strange incidents; the events of the story are produced by contrivances as improbable as they are common-place. The chief reliance of the author is upon disguises. Thus, the Baron Montaigne disguises himself as a sailor, and notwithstanding his natural defects of person for the successful impersonation of the character, being tall, portly, and of a haughty aristocratic air, he is only detected by the fineness of his linen; the tall, slender, light-haired, and delicate Blanche disguises herself as a negro wench, and successfully imposes upon a dozen people besides her lover; the slave Jule, who is stout, short, splay-footed, and blacker than the ace of spades, is equally successful in making a score of people, and among the rest Blanche's other lover, an English officer, believe that she is the delicate and beautiful Blanche. The means by which these wonderful deceptions are practiced, are simply by tying a veil over their heads. Then Henrich, a slender youth, passes himself off upon a boat-load of people, who all knew him perfectly well, for an Indian chief. The following extract, which describes the first appearance of Henrich in his new character of an Indian warrior, is very Cooperish, and will afford a favorable idea of the general character of the *King of the Hurons* as a literary effort:

It was near sunset on the day succeeding the events last related, that the travellers, having gained Lake George in safety, were passing near a prominent cape or headland on its eastern shore, when the apparition of a solitary Indian, standing motionless upon its summit, attracted general attention, and excited no little alarm. He was evidently watching the approaching party; and, as his elevated position exhibited his tall, manly figure in distinct relief against the sky, it seemed to assume vaster proportions than those of humanity, and awakened superstitious fears in some of the beholders.

"It's such a sight as I have been looking for," said Mallory, in a mysterious whisper to one of his fellow-soldiers; "this is called the haunted lake, and these high hills have been for ages the burying-place of the Indians: look closely and you'll see him fade into mist in a moment, and float away."

"After which," replied Francis, to whom these words had been addressed, "we may look for thunder and lightning, I suppose; it may be as you say, but ghosts don't often carry guns, and yonder fellow, if I am not mistaken, has one which might trouble us, even at this distance, if he chose to use it."

"It's mere vapor, I tell you," responded the other, more earnestly, "like their spirit canoes, which are often seen at midnight on those very waters; why, when the great Iroquois chief, Whirlwind, was killed, many years ago, in the first battle with the old Marquis Vaudreuil, who was in his prime then, the sachen's body was carried down this lake, by night, in a canoe, followed by not more than a dozen real boats,—for his men were cut up, and scattered, like foxes in the forest; but, sir, those who saw it told me, with lips whiter than yonder foam, there was a fleet of canoes in that procession which no man could number; it reached from shore to shore, besides being miles in length, and every one was filled with forms which

held up wailing hands, and their sighs swelled into a breeze that shook the lake till it rocked like a cradle: they were the dead warriors of the nation for many generations."

"It may be so," again responded Francis, more seriously; "at any rate, it won't do to make fun of Satan in his own territory; if he sees fit to give these Iroquois ghosts a furlough, now and then, to attend the funeral of a friend, why that's his business and none of mine: but as to this gentleman on the hill——"

"Holy mother!—he's gone!" interrupted Mallory, gazing with a look of fear upon the spot so suddenly vacated,—“and as I told you—into the air; I think it grows darker, and the wind comes strangely here off the shore—bark!—was not that thunder?"

"It may be so—there has been a heavy cloud in the south-west this last half hour."

"Aye—aye—ever since he made his appearance; and, perhaps, by this time he is on its back, guiding it down the lake, as if he had bit and bridle upon it; thanks to St. Francis, we are not far from shore—but what will that avail us? we may be in the middle of the lake in a twinkling—aye, and at the bottom of it, too."

If the phantom of the hill had anything to do with the storm which was now springing up, it was a spirit of no little potency. The cloud which Francis had pointed out, rose, rose rapidly towards the zenith, followed by successive layers of the same tenebrious hue, which seemed to unfold themselves from some exhaustless treasury beneath the horizon, and which expanded in every direction, with no apparent diminution of their density. As the black canopy came sailing northward the wave grew darker in its path, and the rippling waters in the distance told that the wind was brushing their surface, and waking them into life; the lightning began to dart in long chain-like streaks across the sky, and the moaning thunder came faintly as yet, but threateningly to the ear.

While Carlton, environed between two varieties of peril, hesitated what course to pursue, the increasing fury of the storm scarcely left him the privilege of a choice. The darkness almost of night was gathering around him; the wind had become a gale, and was violently rocking his boats; the lake was rolling in long ridge-like undulations; while the electrical flashes, prolonged and painfully vivid, were followed, or rather accompanied by detonations, which now in stunning cannon-like reports, and now in long bellowing peals, shook the air with little intermission, and added an awful sublimity to the scene. The alarmed ladies implored to be taken to the shore; and Carlton, scarcely less disconcerted, issued the necessary orders for that purpose; but as the boats, guided with difficulty, were progressing slowly towards the nearest beach, there was the sound of a terrific explosion seemingly in their very path, shaking the waters like an earthquake, and a towering oak, riven to its base, fell quivering across the margin of the lake. Shrieks of alarm arose from the ladies, and Mallory, dropping his oar, fell upon his knees, calling on a hundred saints for help, and pointing at intervals of his hasty prayers towards the hill.

"I said it!—I said it! St. Francis defend us! he's there again,—see—see, he's calling for another thunderbolt, and pointing towards us: St. James and St. Peter, *orate pro nobis!*"

All eyes were turned towards the hill, where a singular sight, indeed, was beheld, which, to the excited imagination of the spectators, seemed almost to justify the fears of the soldier. The Indian had

reappeared nearly at the spot which he had occupied when first discovered, but he was no longer motionless as before; on the contrary, he was making the most frantic gestures, throwing his arms violently into the air, now singly and now together, and anon pointing towards the forest, nearly in the direction of the fallen tree. A long, whistling call was at the same moment heard from the Lynx's boat, which had been following the barge at a short remove; and, on turning to learn its meaning, the count discovered that the canoe had turned back, and was proceeding rapidly towards the centre of the lake. Utterly bewildered by these strange events, he hesitated what course to pursue; he was within thirty yards of the land, and was drifting, by the action of the waves, rapidly nearer; the shrill whistling continued from his friends, followed now by loud calls and shouts; the gestures of the lone Indian grew more violent; and ere he had decided aught, twenty Iroquois warriors sprang from a covert, and rushed to the water's edge.

It was a moment of unmitigated horror. Francis and Mallory, unordered, regained their oars, and brought the boat quickly around; but several of the savages had rushed meanwhile into the shallow water, with the view of seizing the vessel and forcing it to the land, while others, with presented weapons, stood on the beach waiting the issue of the attempt. There seemed no possible escape; the count, whose hands alone were disengaged, appeared paralyzed with fear, and unconscious that there were three loaded guns lying at his feet; and, to add to the terror of the moment, the tall Indian on the hill, who was now supposed to be the leader of the band, was seen taking deliberate aim with his rifle, apparently towards the barge. A flash and report succeeded; but instead of the shot harming the fugitives, as they fully expected, the foremost savage was seen suddenly to leap upwards and fall back into the lake, crimsoning its surface with its blood. A howl of fury arose from his comrades, who turned quickly around to look for their unknown enemy; but the spot where he had stood was vacant, although the smoke of his gun was yet curling around it. At the next instant a shot issued from the Lynx's boat, which also proved fatal to one of the assailants, the remainder of whom, finding themselves, as they supposed, between two parties of their foes, hastened back to their cover, to plan some safer mode of attack.

St. Leger; or, the Threads of Life. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

We first read *St. Leger*, by piecemeal, in the pages of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, without suspecting that it was the production of an American pen. There is not, in fact, anything in it which savors of any country, and it would be as difficult to guess at the nation of the inventor of logarithms, from internal evidence in looking over his tables, as to discover who-and-what is the author of *St. Leger*. This is a compliment to the author's ingenuity, if it was his chief aim to remain unknown; but it is a doubtful compliment to his book if he wished it to be read. Literature, like honey, should be flavored with the flowers from which it was produced; it should be both indigenous and endogenous, or it can hardly excite sympathy. A man who writes a book should write himself in it; but if he be nothing but a cold abstraction, a mere pea

in a bag of peas, he cannot be distinguished from other men, and his book might have remained blank paper for all the good or evil it will do in the world. We do not, by any means, say this of St. Leger, for unquestionably it contains much fine thought, many evidences of scholarship, and a vein of delicate refinement. But, as we before said, it lacks the tincture of the soil upon which it grew; it is too metaphysical and abstracted to awaken sympathy in the hearts of those who read it. All that could be guessed from reading it is, that the author is a well educated gentleman; he might be a German or a Scotchman, a New Englander or a Hoosier, for aught that can be discovered in his book. We know, however, that he is a Yankee of the Yankees, and have no doubt that he will hereafter put himself and his idiosyncrasies a little more palpably into a book. There is nothing more natural in authorship than for a beginner to be afraid of himself in his first essay, and try to remain in the background of his own production.—But the only way to gain the attention of the world is to follow the Hibernian's advice to a bad orator, and come out from behind your nose and speak in your natural voice. Mr. Cooper, in his first novel, put on the disguise of an Englishman, and nobody heeded him; but, in his next essay, he showed his hand, and at once became famous. The two most popular writers among us, just now, are Melville and Headley; and much of their success is undoubtedly owing to the perfect fearlessness with which they thrust themselves bodily before their countrymen. The heaven of popular favor is only to be taken by storm. Emerson has startled the world by his Emersonisms, and not by his Carlyleisms, as many suppose, for he is as little like Carlyle as possible; John Neal, at one time, made a splurge on the surface of society simply by being John Neal; while thousands of much superior men have never been heard of simply because they tried to be unlike themselves. Is it not a most absurd thing to expect that the world will take notice of you when you won't even take notice of yourself? The "infinite I," it should be borne in mind by those who wish to be worshipped, is the first element of an Idol. Be true to yourself and the world will be true to you; don't be afraid of your idiosyncrasies sticking out; it is better that they should than that you should pass for a hybrid. If your cheeks are pale don't rouge them, your pallor is your own, and you should be content to be known by it; if your hair is red, let it be red; to be called red-headed Brown or Smith will distinguish you from other Browns and Smiths. St. Leger, with all its excellencies, as a literary composition, has not character enough of its own to stand apart from other books by itself; it is not sufficiently unlike to be disliked, and stands in danger of falling into neglect for lack of abuse, for a book of this kind

must displease one class heartily to please another moderately. If Christ had been less than he was he would not have been crucified.

It is not an easy matter to give an analysis of St. Leger, or, in a brief notice, as this must be, to give even an indication of its character, for it is not complete, apparently, and the real purpose of the author is not developed. The better way for those who wish to know what the book is, is to procure it and read it; there is enough in it to repay its cost, and the time expended in its perusal. The scenery of the book is diversified; it lies in Scotland, England, France and Germany, everywhere but where it should—in America. However, we have no right to dictate in such matters; an author has a right to choose his own ground and his own materials, but we wish that every American felt himself bound to be an American in his writings. There would be more American books if this were the case. As a matter of justice to our author we copy his prologue, but that is all that we can make room for now:

At the age of twenty-three years I find myself upon the threshold of two worlds. The PAST summons the thousand incidents which have operated to determine me as a responsible being, and presents them before me, with fearful vividness. The PRESENT seems like nothing beneath my feet. And the FUTURE, no longer a shadowy dream, throws open its endless vista, and whispers that I must soon enter upon all its untried, unknown realities. Here I am permitted to pause a moment, ere I commence upon that new existence which ends only with the INFINITE.

I have finished my life upon earth. The ties which connect me with the world have parted. I have to do now only with eternity. Yet something which I may not resist, impels me to retrospection. I look back over my short pilgrimage, and feel a yearning which I cannot restrain, to put down a narrative of my brief existence, and to mark the several changes which have come over my spirit, in the hope that the young, with whom I chiefly sympathize, may profit by the recital.

But what will this avail to youthful spirits, flushed with the glow of health, secure in their fancied strength, determined on enjoyment? To them the world is everything. Alas, they know not that the world will reward them with infamy, if they trust alone to it! Yet it is to such I make my appeal. I would arrest them, before they cease to have sympathy with every saving influence, because of their habitual opposition to it.

But I will not anticipate the moral of my life.—Let this be gathered from the record of it.

History of Spanish Literature. By George Ticknor. 3 vols. 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

In Goldsmith's "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," he dismisses the literature of Spain in a paragraph of half a dozen lines; and even at the present day not much more is known among the great mass of "polite" readers on the subject than appears to have been known by Goldsmith. Don Quixote is nearly the sole book that represents the mind of Spain to English read-

ers, but that one book is, probably, more universally read than any other in the world, excepting the Bible. But the learned, or rather the reading world, will no longer remain in ignorance of the literature of the nation that produced the immortal Cervantes. Mr. Ticknor has exhausted his subject and produced a history that is unique for its completeness. The work he has so happily accomplished was manifestly his mission; no other man in the world could have rendered this important service to mankind. It has rarely happened that an individual has so exactly fitted the vacant position in the world that the accidents of life jostled him upon. The Spaniards themselves, while they acknowledge the value of his services to their nation, must blush that such a work was performed by a stranger. It has long been known to scholars in both Europe and America, that Mr. Ticknor was engaged upon this history, and a work of great learning was anticipated, but few, if any, anticipated a book of such richness, and so full of attractive matter for the desultory reader. It is not a history of books, but of the intellectual life of a great nation, and that part which relates to the origin of the Spanish language is a masterpiece of historical and philosophical writing, which has not been surpassed by any author who has written on similar subjects. We regret that our limited space precludes us from making any extracts from these most entertaining and instructive books. Mr. Ticknor takes rank at once by this masterly history among the foremost of our great prose writers.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. 2 vols. Boston. 1849.

These two elegant volumes do not contain all the poems of their author, as we wish they did; but they contain enough to justify the opinion we have before expressed, that he is not only the first of American poets, but the first of the new school of bards who have risen from the old school of English poetry. There are some soi-disant critics who affect to turn up their noses at Lowell and call him an abolitionist and a transcendentalist. He pleads guilty, undeniably, to abolitionism, and this has no doubt been the cause of much of the depreciatory criticisms which have appeared on his poems; as to transcendentalism, he is guilty of that, we fear, to a much greater number than is creditable to the intelligence of the age; but his transcendentalism is like that of Æschylus, and Shakspeare, and Milton. In versatility, and various power, no American author has approached Mr. Lowell; his humorous and satirical poems stand apart by themselves, and would alone establish his claim to rank among the first of our poets if he had written nothing else, but he has not thought proper to include any of them in this collection. The poems in these two volumes have all been before printed, but not all of them before published in a book. Among

the new poems are the noble lines addressed to Kossuth, the ode to France, to Lamartine; the sparkling ode, which seems to drip with pure water, written for the celebration of the introduction of the Cochituate into Boston; and "Beaver Brook." We must forego the pleasure of extracting any of these noble poems, but we will copy a touching little poem which was published a few days since in the paper to which Mr. L. is a constant contributor:

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new-roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

The Other Side; or, Notes for the History of the War between Mexico and the United States.—Written in Mexico. Translated from the Spanish, and edited, with notes, by Albert C. Ramsey, Col. of the 21st U. S. Infantry during the war with Mexico. New York: John Wiley. 1849.

These notes as they are modestly called by their authors, will be of great importance to the future historian who undertakes to give an impartial history of the Mexican war. They derive additional value from their being rendered into English by Col. Ramsey, who had ample opportunities of judging of their fidelity. The book is handsomely "got up," and illustrated with portraits of the principal Mexican generals who took part in the war.

TO ALL OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS:



HE beginning of the new year has brought with it so great an increase to our correspondence, and we have limited our-

selves to so small a space for personal gossiping, that some of our distant friends must of necessity wait another month for a reply to their favors. To many who express a kind interest in the success of our work we must reply briefly that we are doing as well as could be expected, and probably a little better than some have anticipated; still, we are not exactly

placed by our success entirely beyond the want—of more subscribers, and can supply a few more. We have been aiming at a circulation of one hundred thousand, but have not yet quite reached that number, although we hope to before the end of the present volume.... Our friend John Tomlin, of Tennessee, has paid us the compliment of entrusting to our keeping the following tender lines to Grace Greenwood; they should have been sent to that charming and purely American writer last month, but they have lost nothing of their freshness and tenderness by keeping:

TO GRACE GREENWOOD.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

Let those who will of Northern flowers,
For thee, an offering bring,—
But I will from the Southern bowers
The buds of early spring,
And weave from out the blossoms found,
A chaplet all divine,
For never yet a wreath has bound
As fair a brow as thine.
With lillies from the crystal stream,
The white rose from its bed,
When morning's early roseate beam
Upon the flowers are shed,
And with them I will all entwine,
The palest orange flowers,

And bind them with some fragrant vine,
All wet by April showers.

This chaplet then, that Love has found,
In buds of early spring,
Will weave thy raven locks around,
The blossoms which I bring.
And never as the wreath you wear,
Remembrance will forget,
The hand that wove the chaplet there
In curls of glossy jet.

Jackson, Tennessee.

.... Since our last issue we have heard of the death of one of the great political poets of Great Britain, Ebenezer Elliott, the corn law rhymer, as he was called, whose verses probably did as much towards the abolition of the corn laws, as the speeches of Cobden. Cobden was rewarded for his labors by a subscription of nearly half a million of dollars, but Elliott gained nothing but his nickname. So the world goes. Poetry sets the ball in motion, but Prose steps in and pockets the pay.—The greatest of the political poets now living in England is Charles Mackay, whose "Voices from the Crowd" have been often heard this side the Atlantic. He has discovered the great political truth of *laissez faire*, and lately enforced it in a very beautiful poem, called "Let us Alone."—Much of the poetry of J. R. Lowell is purely political, taking the meaning of politics in a higher sense than that of mere partisan principles. The following, which is one of the latest published effusions of Mr. L., is an instance of what we mean by political poetry. It is such poetry as was written by Milton and Burns:

NEW YEAR'S EVE. 1850.

This is the midnight of the century—hark!
Through aisle and arch of Godminster have gone
Twelve throbs that tolled the zenith of the dark,
And mornward now the starry hands move on;
"Mornward!" the angelic watchers say,
"Passed is the sorest trial;
No plot of man can stay
The hand upon the dial;
Night is the dark stem of the lily Day."

If we, who watched in valleys here below,
Tow'rd streaks, misdeemed of morn, our faces
turned
When vulcan glares set all the east aglow,—
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned;
Though earth swing wide from God's intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will move with full consent
In heavenly gravitation,
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.

Night is the dark stem of the lily day! . . . We perfectly agree with our St. Louis friend G. D. F., in his remarks on personal satire; the faculty of sarcasm, or the propensity to exhibit the feelings of other people in a ludicrous light, is one that does most harm to those who use it. As a witty correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard remarks, in alluding to Knickerbocker's history, "the keenness and brightness of the weapon that wounds us, either in one's own particular or in that of his associations, is but a slender compensation to the sufferer for the smart, whatever it may be to the bystander." We remember reading an address delivered by the celebrated George Cruikshank, recently, in which he stated that since he had become master of himself, he had never been guilty of caricaturing an individual. Of course the great caricaturist meant to except a certain individual, not mentionable to ears polite, whom he has made the chief butt of his satirical pencil. But Cruikshank is a genius, and men of genius are always gentlemen. Of course he would not be guilty of an ungentlemanly act, and what could be more ungentlemanly than to wound the feelings of even a knave by making him a subject of ridicule? Satirists have generally been unhappy people. We are indebted to Captain Edward Cuttle, who advises us to "overhaul Rollin's Ancient History," and make a note of a fact that we may find there, viz: that it was not Perry who gave the command, "Don't give up the ship," but the gallant Lawrence. This is intended for the benefit of the writer of the biographical sketch of Mr. Holden, which appeared in our last number. Anybody who reads the inscription on the monument of Trinity churchyard, will have no occasion to "overhaul Rollin." But we are much obliged to Capt. Cuttle for his information, notwithstanding. If our friend T. H. C. of Washington, Geo., has not received the promised letter, he must not blame the Postmaster General for it, because the letter has not yet been written, but it will be at once. Among the new books that we received too late for a notice under the proper head, are the two handsome volumes just published by Redfield of Clinton Hall, containing the writings of Edgar Allan Poe. They are published for the benefit of Mrs. Clemm, the mother-in-law of Poe, under the editorship of Dr. Griswold, and accompanied by introductory remarks from the pens of J. R. Lowell, N. Parker Willis, and the Editor. There could not have been a finer or a sincerer compliment paid to Dr. Griswold, than that implied by Mr. Poe in naming him as his literary executor; for he had long been estranged from him, and had often criticised him with unfair severity. The portrait of Mr. Poe, engraved in mezzotint by Sartain, from a Daguerreotype, is a very excellent likeness. . . . We must caution our friends and the public against another

unregenerate son of Adam, who has been fleecing some of the good people of Illinois by representing himself as the agent of "Holden." The fellow calls himself James Gaylor. Look out for him, Illinoisians. . . . Messrs. Phillipps, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have just published a new volume by Emerson, called "Representative Men." If anybody should read it with an expectation of finding in it any such men as we designate representatives, politically speaking, he will be greatly disappointed. Emerson's representative men are such as Plato, Montaigne, Shakespeare and Milton; a kind of men, we fear, who could not be elected as the representatives of any political constituency in the universe. Real men are never representatives of parties; parties represent them. . . . On the faith which we have in newspapers, we announced a few months since that Miss Eliza Cook, and Miss Hays, the translator of George Sand's works, had arrived in this country, accompanied by Charlotte Cushman. Miss Cushman came, but the other ladies did not, and, we believe, had no intention of coming. However, we have had two foreign ladies among us, whose presence created rather more sensation than the others would have done—Miss Bremer, and Mademoiselle Apollonio Jagello. Everybody knows Miss Bremer, and everybody appears to have been anxious to have a visit from her. "O dear!" she exclaimed to a friend of ours at whose house she was visiting, soon after she landed—"O dear! there is the bell again; everybody is so kind to me. I wish I was a little dog, that I could run and hide under the table." Mademoiselle Jagello, the Hungarian heroine, probably has wished herself a little dog, too, long ere this, for she has been worse beset by our enthusiastic countrymen than she ever was by the enemies of her country. Poor Kossuth, if he should ever have the happiness to land upon our shores, would be overwhelmed with civilities and speeches, and, we fear, would wish himself back again in the dominions of the Sultan. As Mr. Seward has introduced a resolution into the Senate for an appropriation of land for the benefit of the Hungarians, we hope it will become a law, that these heroic foreigners may not think in the end that we are, to use a vulgarism, "all talk and no cider." . . . From the Postmaster at Salem, N. J., we have a letter, informing us that our magazine, addressed to ———, "*remains dead in that office.*" We can only reply to this melancholy intelligence, that it is the first case of mortality that has reached our ears, and that there must have been foul play somewhere, for the magazine was full of life and vigor when it was dispatched from the publication office. We think that by tearing off the wrapper, and this the P. M. has full authority to do, and exposing it to the light and air, it will come to life again and be as vigorous and healthy as ever.

HOLDEN'S ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

We copy a few of the many notices we have received in testimony of the value and merit of our Magazine, and those wishing to subscribe may rely on a steady improvement in the character and usefulness of this periodical, as fast as its increasing circulation will justify.

Holden's Dollar Magazine: January, 1850.—The new number of Holden's Magazine, (now published by Wm. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau-street,) is one of the best that has appeared of that capital periodical. We offer here no particular criticism of the number before us, but may observe of the magazine in general, that it is among the cleverest miscellanies now published. Its extraordinary cheapness induces an impression that it is of a low tone and inferior quality; but there is really no work more uniformly elegant and sparkling among the fifty monthlies of the country. Mr. Charles F. Briggs, the editor, is one of the leading literary men of the time. In wit he is the first; in a peculiar humor—so sharp in its points as to be commonly recognized only as wit—he has few equals; and in critical appreciation of the compositions of others, he is admirably fitted for the place of a literary editor. His "Harry Franco," "Haunted Merchant," "Tom Pepper," and "Letters of Ferdinand Mendoza Pinto," are works displaying unquestionable and very attractive abilities; they do not contain a feeble or a vicious paragraph; and they all—though the more recent of them most eminently—are marked by an individuality of feeling, fancy and expression, that constitutes the surest claim to desirable and enduring fame in authorship. The Dollar Magazine is now and hereafter the medium of Mr. Briggs's communication with the public, and it may be expected that it will develop, in every issue, new features of value and popularity.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The January number of this magazine everywhere meets with deserved encomiums from the press. Notwithstanding its cheapness, it has been improved, and is fully equal to its three-dollar cotemporaries in literary matter and mechanical execution. Its engravings are the very best kind of wood cuts, and always illustrative of some object of interest and value. The present number contains a beautiful view of "Astoria," also excellently executed portraits of the late C. W. Holden, the projector of the magazine, and of the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, Conn. The magazine is furnished at the extremely low price of \$1 per annum, in advance, and merits an extensive public patronage.—*Radu, Fort Plain, N. Y.*

☞ The December number of that cheap monthly—Holden's Dollar Magazine—made its appearance on our desk some days since, but in the hurry of business we have omitted to notice it. This is decidedly a cheap magazine, not only on account of the lowness of the price, but of the large quantity of excellent reading matter which is furnished for that price. "Susy L.—'s Diary," which is commenced in this number, is written in a style which cannot fail to make the work sought after by all.—*Telegraph, Gloucester, Mass.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine is out for January. It fills the bill—that is, it comes up to the promises made in the prospectus. Valuable as was the paper before, its worth is greatly enhanced, and its appearance very much improved. Certainly it is the cheapest of the magazines, and its matter is quite as good as that of any.—*Aurora, New Lisbon, O.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—We have frequently, in speaking of this periodical, expressed our surprise how so much reading matter can be furnished for so small a sum. The number for January, 1850, is before us, containing sixty-four closely printed pages, on fine white paper, and printed neatly. The contributors are from some of the best writers in this country; the engravings are on wood, but executed in the best style of the art. For the general reader this Magazine, for cheapness, and really good and sound reading, is unsurpassed in this country. It is entirely free from the namby-pamby trash which characterizes most of our Lady's Magazines, and also from the grossness of much of the cheap literature of the day. Now is a good time to subscribe; as a new volume commences with the January number. You can enclose \$1 in a letter, addressed to Wm. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau st., N. Y., at the risk of the proprietor of the magazine, if the dollar is enclosed in presence of the Postmaster.—*Village Record, Hightstown, N. J.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—This ever welcome monthly is received for January, and is much improved in its general appearance. We do not see that it has depreciated at all since the death of Mr. Holden, in any respect. If there is any change, it is for the better. The number before us contains a well executed likeness and biographical sketch of Mr. Holden, and has a number of ably written articles, which, although they may lack the high sounding names of some literary writers, are equal to any of the Magazine Literature of the day. C. F. Briggs, Editor. Wm. H. Dietz, Publisher, 109 Nassau st., N. Y. \$1 per annum in advance.
Courier, Great Barrington, Mass.

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The January number is out, and we notice much improvement in its appearance, with a handsome engraved cover, and printed on new type. Each number of this Magazine contains sixty-four pages, and is illustrated with numerous engravings, and is just such a magazine that should be in every family. Its contents are of a solid, edifying and instructive character, and is a work we can conscientiously recommend to the public as being worthy their patronage. Call and see a copy. Terms \$1 a year, or five copies for \$4. Address Wm. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau-street, N. Y.—*Odd Fellow, Boonsboro', Md.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—This periodical contains a large amount of the most solid and useful information, with light literature. Its "Pulpit Portraits," and "Living Pictures of American Literary Notabilities," are highly interesting and valuable. The sketch of the Rev. George Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal, or General Morris, "the Song Writer of America," in the December number, is, either of them, worth, to an inquiring mind, twice the cost of the magazine for a year. A portion of this work is of instructive and substantial utility, whereas the contents of most of the magazines consist exclusively of "light literature," that is, amusing fictions. Address W. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau-st., N. Y.—*Fort Wayne Times, Indiana.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The January number of this excellent Magazine comes to us much improved in typographical appearance. It is now under the management of Wm. H. Dietz, No. 109 Nassau street, New York. We take pleasure in recommending the above periodical to our readers. The subscription price is but \$1 a year, and it is truly worth twice the money.—*Chronicle, Sing Sing, N. Y.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine, for January, is before us. The publisher of this popular Magazine has outstripped all competition in the way of furnishing cheap literature, and his enterprise deserves success.—*Herald, McConnelsville, O.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—We have received the January number of this magazine. It comes to us much improved in appearance, and well filled with good reading matter. It is decidedly a cheap magazine.—*Gazette, Haverhill, Mass.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The January number of this beautiful magazine has been received. It appears in a beautiful new dress, and in our humble opinion is more handsome and interesting than any of its predecessors. Those wishing to secure this periodical for 1850, should address (postpaid,) Holden's Dollar Magazine, 109 Nassau street, N. Y.—*Free Press, Ligonier, Pa.*

Holden's Magazine.—We are indebted to the publisher, Mr. William H. Dietz, for a splendidly bound copy of this interesting periodical for the year 1849. The Dollar Magazine contains as much that is really useful and entertaining as any of the three dollar monthlies, and it is receiving a large patronage at the hands of the reading public.—*Democrat, Kingston, N. Y.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—This is a very cheap monthly magazine, published by Wm. H. Dietz, 109 Nassau-street, N. Y.—*Chronicle, Md.*

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THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS.

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The drawings and engravings of D'AVIGNON have been pronounced by Europeans of taste to be fully equal and in some respects superior to those of the best artists of London and Paris, and every impression in this Gallery will be taken under his immediate supervision. The TYPOGRAPHY will be executed as carefully and in as superb style as the engravings themselves. The entire work will be on the finest imperial folio paper, 16 by 23 inches, made expressly for this purpose.

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so commendable an undertaking, that its publication may make an era in the progress of American Art, and, by grouping the illustrious men of the Union together, consolidate it still more firmly.

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THE EDITORS.

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